

acquired at least notoriety by his novel *A Mummer's Wife*.
Ten years later he published *Father Mathew and Son*.



the literary revival had been affected, even for those who

HEROES & HEROINES



BY
D.A. POCOCK.

acquired at least notoriety by his novel *A Mummer's War*

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PREFACE

I WONDER how many young people of the present day, when allowed on wet holidays to rummage among the old books their grandmothers had as children, take the trouble to read—what they are pretty sure to find some of—the stories of Charlotte Yonge, who in those days was so firm a favourite as a writer for the young? Those who do will probably find plenty of enjoyment, for although her books naturally seem rather old-fashioned and her Early Victorian boys and girls may sometimes seem to us happy-go-lucky moderns a trifle prim and proper (it is, for instance, something of a surprise when we find, in *The Daisy Chain*, a girl in her teens saying with shocked reproof to a younger sister, ‘Mary! Don’t look out of the street window!’), yet in spite of its atmosphere of past times, the characters in that very book—and in many others—are so real, so convincingly human even if they are old-fashioned, and withal so different and interesting, that by the time we have read through *The Daisy Chain* we feel as though the dozen or so members of the May family about whom it is written were live people and our own personal friends, and in addition, Miss Yonge wrote two shorter and more juvenile stories, *Countless Kate* and *The Stokesley Secret*,

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which in the opinion of the present writer are in an old-world way two of the jolliest children's tales ever written.

Most of her books were intended for girls—she was accepted as a girls' authoress—and boys would not care about them, but she wrote one—*The Book of Golden Deeds*—equally suitable for either, as it is not about fiction, but fact, a series of real-life adventure-stories, about all sorts of heroic and exciting things that real men, women, and sometimes even children, in various lands and in different generations, have really done, deeds many of them so noble that they well deserve to be called, as the title of the book calls them, 'golden.'

But Charlotte Yonge, as has been said, was writing for Early Victorian boys and girls, whose taste in books, and the way in which they liked their stories written, was probably not quite the same as that of the present day, and moreover, since her time, there have been a great many more heroic and noble actions done in the world fully as well worth writing and reading about as any that are recorded in *The Book of Golden Deeds*. So here is a fresh collection of stories about real-life heroes and heroines, continuing right up to the present day; and of which might one feel that, hard though life can be in such a world where people can be so splendid like the 'true famous men'—famous, not for

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their brilliant achievements or wonderful learning, but for their acts of simple heroism, and let us also, while we are about it, keep a little praise for people such as the little slum-boy you will find mentioned in the story called 'The Chief,' whose names are never likely to be known, but whose deeds may be, for all we know, like the 'two mites' which were worth more than all the gold in the treasury.

DORIS A. POCOCK

OLD HASTINGS, SUSSEX,

October 1934

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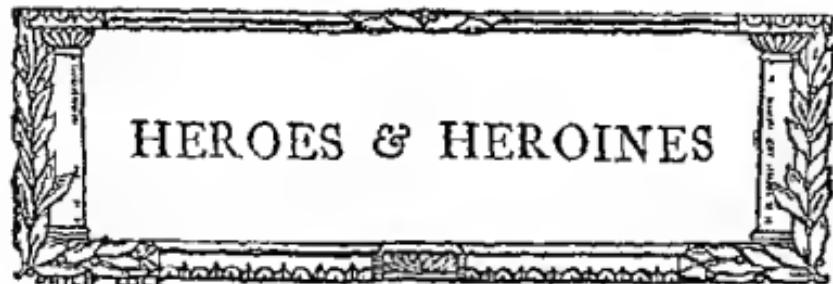
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WORD OF HONOUR

(Story of Regulus)

Of all the so called 'wise sayings which have been handed down to us, some of which are thoroughly stupid and false (as, for instance, 'All's fair in love and war'—as though it were 'fair' to torture prisoners or fire on the Red Cross!—or, 'Two of a trade never agree,' whereas on the contrary many firm friends have been drawn together through doing the same work), none is more worthless than the one which coolly informs us that 'Promises are like pie crust—made to be broken'

Are they? One wonders how much sense of honour the person who first invented that saying can have had! Anyhow, he has happily been flatly contradicted by every small child who has ever trustfully said to another 'Promise!'—while the fact that even in war-time officers who have been made prisoner and then 'put on parole,' that is, asked to give their word not to try to escape, can then be trusted by the enemy not to do so, is proof positive of how much higher value even quite ordinary people set upon truth and honour than the proverb-maker seemed to suppose, and those who can remember the Great War know what the civilized world thought

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of the German Chancellor when he declared that a treaty was merely a 'scrap of paper' which might whenever convenient be torn up.

It is not only in modern times people have learnt that a promise is by no means something 'made to be broken': even as long ago as the days of ancient Rome they knew as much as that, and probably none ever held to a pledged word better than the old Roman consul Marcus Atilius Regulus.

About two hundred and fifty years before Christ he and another consul, Lucius Manlius, were in command of an army and fleet sent to attack the Carthaginians, with whom the Romans were at war. On their way out there was a great naval battle—the first the Romans ever won—which left their way to Africa free, and although the Roman soldiers, who had never been so far away before, were inclined to be mutinous about landing in their fear of having to face, not only human enemies, a trying climate, and all the real dangers and difficulties of an unknown country, but also all sorts of horrors, such as imaginary dog-headed monsters, of their own invention, Regulus put a stop to their murmuring by letting it be known that any who rebelled would be put to death, after which he safely landed his army, who set up fortifications at Clypea and plundered the surrounding country, which was very beautiful and fertile, with rich cornfields and fruit-trees and many fine houses, and where the fierce Romans afterwards boasted of having sacked three hundred villages.

Manlius returned to Rome, but Regulus was ordered to remain (the Senate undertaking to provide for his

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wife and children, for he was not a rich man) to carry on the war, and after a while the Carthaginians sent to offer terms of peace, which, however, Regulus scornfully rejected, saying that 'Men who are good for anything should either conquer or submit to their betters'

But then the tide turned: the Carthaginians had sent to Greece for hired soldiers, among whom came a Spartan called Xanthippus, and whereas they themselves, although strong in men and arms, horses and elephants, had for the most part kept in the hills and done little to save their countrymen in the plains from the ravages either of the Romans or of the Numidian tribes, their new ally Xanthippus proved himself a man of another mettle, who at once took command and prepared to give battle, ranging a long row of elephants in front of his lines of infantry and placing the cavalry on either wing. The Romans, to whom elephants were a terrible foe against which they did not know how to fight, were hopelessly defeated, and Regulus himself was taken prisoner, and dragged with the other captives into Carthage.

Then there was feasting and rejoicing among the conquerors, who offered many of their bravest prisoners as sacrifices to their god Moloch in token of thanks for victory, and Regulus they kept a prisoner for two years, during which the war continued, until at last the Romans gained so decisive a victory that the Carthaginians decided to ask for terms of peace.

Believing that no one would have such influence as the Roman ex-consul they held as prisoner, they sent Regulus to Rome with their envoys, first making him

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~~This...was...also...published...etc...etc...and...attained...etc...~~

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swear to return to prison should there be neither peace nor exchange of prisoners

But outside the gates of the city, when he reached them, Regulus stopped, saying 'I am no longer a Roman citizen I am but the barbarians' slave, and the Senate may not give audience to strangers within the walls', nor would he be persuaded to pass the gates, even when his wife Marcia, and their two sons, came to greet him and beg him to come home to his farm.

Finding he would not come in to them, the Roman Senate came out to him, and held their first meeting in the Campagna, but Regulus, having stood up and repeated his message—'Conscript fathers, being a slave to the Carthaginians, I come on the part of my masters to treat with you concerning peace and an exchange of prisoners'—turned to go away with the ambassadors as a stranger might not stay to hear the discussions of the Senate, and even when his old friends urged him to stay and give his opinion as an ex-senator who had twice been consul, declined to lower that dignity by claiming it while a slave, although at the orders of his Carthaginian master he remained, not however taking his seat

Then, humbly standing, he spoke, and it might have been supposed that he would use all his powers of persuasion to end the war, seeing that peace would mean freedom for himself

But on the contrary, Regulus urged the senators to persevere in the war, saying he was sure, from what he had seen of the distress of Carthage, that a peace would be only to the advantage of the enemy, not to that of

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Rome, and he also strongly advised that there should be no exchange of prisoners, seeing that whereas the Carthaginian generals who were held captive by the Romans were in full health and strength, he himself was so ill and broken that even were he to live, which he thought himself unlikely to do long, he would never again be fit for service.

Then the chief priest, who had listened in wonder, as had all the Senate, to the man thus pleading against himself, declared that, as his oath had been forcibly wrested from him, it was not binding, and he need not return to captivity; but Regulus rejected this idea with scorn, exclaiming 'Have you resolved to dishonour me? I am not ignorant that death and the extremest tortures are preparing for me, but what are these to the shame of an infamous action, or the wounds of a guilty mind? Slave as I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of a Roman. I have sworn to return. It is my duty to go, let the gods take care of the rest.'

So he did—for the Senate, although deeply regretting his sacrifice, decided to follow his advice, neither the earnest persuasions of his friends and well-wishers, nor his wife's entreaties, would induce him to remain and break his parole, true to his word, he voluntarily returned to his chains and bondage, and to the death he expected, although whether this came from the sickness already upon him, or from the cruelty of his captors, is not known with certainty.

As a slave of Carthage, he had deemed himself unworthy even to enter Rome, but his name goes down to history as that of one of the noblest of her sons, as

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a shining example of a man who valued his own and his country's honour more than his life, and kept his word at all costs

More than a hundred years before, a Greek called Pythias had kept his word as faithfully as the Roman Regulus. Condemned to death for some offence by the tyrannical Dionysius, he begged leave to go home first and arrange his affairs, promising to come back within a stated time, and saying that he had a friend, Damon, who would be surety for his return, and, if he failed to appear, take his place and die by the hands of the executioner.

Dionysius, though much astonished, gave him leave to go on these conditions, and although time went on and Pythias did not return, Damon remained calm and trustful, saying he had full confidence in Pythias' honour, and that should any accident prevent him coming back to redeem his word, he himself would be happy in saving his friend's life even at the expense of his own. Even when the very hour of the execution arrived, his faith still remained unshaken and he still declared he knew that his friend would not have been untrue to him and that it was only mischance, and not by Pythias' own will, that he must suffer in his stead; nor was his trust misplaced—for at the very last moment, when the stroke was about to fall, Pythias appeared on the scene, and having embraced his friend, himself stood forward to receive the sentence, rejoicing that he had come just in time. But Dionysius felt that neither of such men, both so true and faithful—neither Pythias, who had kept his parole, nor Damon, who had so

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trusted his word—must lose their lives; he pardoned Pythias, and entreated that he and Damon would admit him, as a third, to their wonderful friendship.

'Word of honour!' We use the phrase easily enough, but it is good all the same to think how much it stands for, and what splendid deeds of heroism the simple words 'I promise' have called forth, not only among the old Greeks and Romans, but also in our own time as when in 1914 Belgium gave her all to stand by a torn 'scrap of paper.'

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AGAINST ODDS

(*Story of Horatius Cocles*)

THERE is always something especially fascinating and dramatic about the idea of wonderful or heroic deeds which have been performed in the face of seemingly hopeless disadvantages—as for instance in the Bible story of how the unknown shepherd-boy, David, went out alone, armed only with a small sling, against the soldier-giant Goliath, and slew him. But there can scarcely ever have been a more striking instance of a fight against odds than that of Horatius Cocles, who, with only two comrades to help him, set at defiance a whole army!

It happened in the year 507 B.C. when the kings who had been banished from Rome were trying to return, by the help of the Etruscans. Lars Porsena, a great Etruscan chieftain, had come to the aid of the ex-king Tarquinius Superbus and his son Sextus, and Lord Macaulay, in his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, which many boys and girls have read (and those who have not should make haste to do so, or they will be missing a very great deal!), tells how

Lars Porsena of Clusium,
 By the Nine Gods he swore
 That the great House of Tarquin
 Should suffer wrong no more.

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and how determined to restore to this ancient royal family what he believed to be their rights he

Bade his messengers ride forth
East and west and south and north
To summon his array

The Etruscans came flocking to his standard and that of Tarquinius Superbus and gathering his great army he marched upon the city of Rome, into which the country people from the scattered farms and villages round about were pouring as refugees fleeing in terror from the advancing Etruscans for once within the gates they had not only the defences of the city itself to guard them but the natural defence of the River Tiber as a barrier between themselves and the enemy

Happily for the Romans, the river was too swift and deep to be forded and there was only one bridge across it guarded at its further side by a fort called Janiculum but the fort soon fell before the Etruscans and in all haste the Roman leaders, or Fathers of the City as they were called, held a council and decided that their only hope now lay in at once destroying the bridge, they could not blow it up—dynamite had not been invented in those days—but as it was built of wood not iron they could hew it down but the fear was that the enemy would be upon them and upon the bridge before they had done so

Then it was that Horatius the captain of the River Gate (who had not then earned his surname of Cocles, which means One Eyed) made the offer on the strength of which he has been remembered through the centuries

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as one of the most gallant figures in history. In order to gain time for the Romans to cut through the supports of the bridge, he volunteered, with only two other men to help him, to hold it against the whole Etruscan army!

Such a feat—three men against thousands!—might well seem the wildest absurdity, but in actual fact it was not so impossible as it sounds. As Macaulay in the poem makes Horatius say

‘In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three,
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?’

Desperate though the venture was, the two volunteers he called for were at once forthcoming—one called Spurius Lartius, and another called Herminius—and with the consent of the council, who saw that it was their best chance, ‘the dauntless three,’ as the poem calls them, went forth to the further end of the bridge to face an army, while below them, in frantic haste, the Romans were hewing and hacking at the planks and stanchions.

Meantime, the conquering enemy had been steadily advancing, rank upon rank, in all the splendour of flying banners, flashing armour, and battle array, and when they came near enough to the bridge to see that the force opposed to them consisted of three men only, a great roar of scornful laughter went up from the Tuscan soldiers, who must indeed have felt much as Gulliver would have done had he found himself coolly defied by a Lilliputian!

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But they had not reckoned on the strength of the position which Horatius and his companions had taken up, for the entrance to the bridge was so narrow that not more than three could advance upon it at once, and the first to do so found themselves resisted by three of the finest warriors in the Roman army, and fell before their swords and spears. Three more advanced to the attack, only to meet with a like fate, and again and again this happened, until at length the Etruscans began to waver and draw off.

Was none that would be foremost
 To lead such dire attack,
 But those behind cried 'Forward!'
 And those before cried 'Back!'

and still the dauntless three stood ready for them with their blood-stained swords, while Horatius mocked them and dared them to come on.

But the race against time was now won—for while that amazing fight of three against a host was being fought out, the timbers had been hewn through, and the bridge was tottering, and the three defenders heard shouts of warning from the Romans, urging them to rush back, and save themselves, before it fell.

Back across the cracking bridge, which could now scarcely bear one man's weight, Spurius Lartius darted to safety, and Herminius followed, then turning, and seeing Horatius still on guard, they would fain have returned to stand by him once more—but at that moment the bridge fell, collapsing into the water with such a thunderous crash as half-drowned the wild

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shouts of triumph with which the Romans, who saw themselves saved, greeted its destruction

Horatius, who had held the entrance behind a rampart of slain enemies, still stood on the further bank—sore wounded now, and alone, with the whole of Lars Porsena's army before him, and behind the wide and swirling yellow waters which cut him off from the shelter of Rome

For one instant he stood there, a gallant, gory figure, watched with breathless anxiety by his Roman friends, then he turned and, with one brief prayer to the river-god, Father Tiber, in whom all Romans in those days believed, dived, worn and wounded and in his heavy armour, into the raging river

One version of the story says that he was drowned, but Macaulay, himself a great historian, prefers to accept the statement of Livy that he came safely to shore, and tells us in his poem how the thronging, enthusiastic crowds, cheering, weeping, and applauding, swept Horatius in triumph through the River Gate into the city of Rome which he had saved

Honours and lands were bestowed upon him by his grateful country, and although his career was in a sense over (for he could not, lame and half-blind as he thenceforth was, become a consul or lead an army), yet there was no Roman more deeply honoured than he, and so well-beloved was he by his fellow-citizens that once, at a time of famine, 300,000 of them brought him each a day's food, in order that their champion who had guarded the Tiber against an army should not suffer want.

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The Romans also set up a memorial of him, in the form of a statue of Horatius in his armour, which they placed in the Comitium

And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old

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'THE FURY OF THE NORMEN'

(*Story of Brythnoth, Earl of Essex*)

'FROM Ghoulies and Ghosties, from long-leggit beasties,
 and things that go bump! in the night, Good Lord,
 deliver us'

In these modern days it seems almost incredible that such a supplication as this, which sounds to our modern ears like part of an old fairy-tale, or the quaintly-worded prayer of a little child frightened in the dark, should ever have been seriously prayed in real churches, yet it was at one time actually part of the old Scottish litany!

Of course in these days Scottish people know a great deal too much to pray any longer about such nonsense as that, and there is also another old prayer, which used to be a regular part of our English litany, but has now been cut out 'From the fury of the Northmen,
 Good Lord, deliver us'

But it was a real and earnest prayer enough in the old days when watchers on the coast might at any time see to their horror suspiciously curved and bright-coloured sails approaching from the horizon, and as they drew nearer be able to recognize the 'Long Serpents,' as the black Danish ships were called, their prows carved with the heads of snakes and their gilded sterns into the tails of reptiles, and know that their

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dreaded foes, the men of the North—Vikings as they were called—were indeed upon them

These fierce and strong sea-rovers, who loved fighting for its own sake almost as much as they loved plunder, and looked upon the Christian churches as an insult to their gods Odin and Thor, had long harried the English coasts, until at last they found an opponent more powerful than themselves in King Alfred the Great, who beat them in battles on land, built large ships (which were the beginning of the greatness of the British Navy) with which to challenge theirs at sea, and finally gained the mastery over them and kept them out of the land.

But after the times of Alfred and his grandson, the fleet which they had made the safeguard of England was allowed to go to rack and ruin. The Danes returned again and again. When the weak Ethelred II came to the throne it seemed as if the English the Danes now had to encounter were not the bold and hardy race their ancestors of a century before had been.

But the Danes themselves had softened too to some extent, and although they still deemed it a point of honour for their young men to have done a certain amount of sea-roving before they settled down, cared now not so much for conquest, like the war-like Vikings of old, as for plunder, and so long as they had treasure to show for their raids, were willing enough to forgo the fighting and spare their enemy's lives and lands.

There were still in England men left with pride enough to feel the shame of stooping to bribery, and sense enough to see that the Danes, if thus encouraged, would

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simply come back again for more treasure and more, but to King Ethelred and the cowardly nobles of the Court this buying off of the enemy seemed a capital resource—far better than a brave resistance—and a tax called Danegeld was levied on the people to raise a fund with which to bribe the Vikings to go away, and leave the English in peace.

But there was one man—Brythnoth, Earl of Essex—who determined that he at least would be no party to such behaviour, that if those in power would neither keep the fleet in a condition to drive the 'Long Serpents' back from the coast nor send armies to repel the Danes when they landed, he himself would at all events show the invaders that there were still those left in England who would not cringe to them.

He was a rich and important man, the chief dispenser of justice in his East-Saxon earldom, and known for his many gifts of charity, and as a founder of churches and convents, and when he resolved to make his lone stand against the Vikings, he retired (after first making his will and placing it in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury—which shows that he undertook his bold venture with his eyes open, facing the fact of how it was likely to end) to his home, the Manor House of Hadleigh—most likely a group of one-story buildings like barns, in an enormous farmyard, some serving as store-houses and some as living-rooms for the earl's many retainers, servants, and guests, where he caused all the young men in his earldom to undergo military training, and himself provided horses and weapons for them.

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Then in the year 991 the expected raid from the Vikings came, a fleet of ninety-three of the dreaded 'Long Serpents,' with many lesser ships meant for plunder, sailed for England under the sea king, Olaf or Anlaff.

The Danes landed on the east coast, and plundered the towns of Sandwich and Ipswich, which attempted no defence; and encouraged by their easy success, sailed into the mouth of the River Blackwater, and began to collect treasure at Maldon, but on returning to their ships, they found not only that the tide would not yet serve for re-embarking, but that upon the further bank were drawn up, in battle array, a company of English soldiers. Their numbers, however, were plainly far inferior to those of the Danes, and Olaf sent a contemptuous message to the old earl, who stood sword in hand at the head of his warriors, bidding him make his peace with gold.

But instead of surrender, and a promise of the heavy bribe Olaf demanded, the messenger received from Brythonoth only the bold answer: 'Hear, O thou sailor! the reply of this people instead of Danegeld, thou shalt have from them the edge of the sword and the point of the spear. Here stands an English earl, who will defend his earldom and the lands of his king. Point and edge shall judge between us.'

Although doubtless taken by surprise by this unexpected resistance, the Danes were ready enough to engage in the conflict, which they must have known was almost bound to end in sweeping victory for themselves, seeing how superior were their forces; and as if

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this were not enough, as soon as the tide ebbed and left the salt-marshes dry, Brythnoth in a spirit of quixotry flung generalship to the winds for love of fair-play and offered the enemy (who had hitherto striven in vain to force their way across Blackwater bridge, being always beaten back) free passage and an open field for the fight.

After that all was over—the odds were too hopelessly uneven, but none the less, the battle raged long and fiercely, and the Danes had to fight hard for every inch of ground they gained.

Brythnoth himself slew one of the enemy's leaders, and although wounded in so doing, still fought on, though with failing strength, he was wounded again, his hand being pierced by a dart, with which a boy beside him slew the Dane who had aimed it, instantly withdrawing it and hurling it back, then another of the Vikings, seeing the earl sinking, advanced to plunder him, but Brythnoth still had strength to strike him down with his battle-axe. That, however, was his last blow, and having gathered his strength for one last cheer to his followers he sank down, thanking God for all the joys he had known on earth and praying that grace might be granted to his soul and that his spirit might be sped with peace.

With that prayer he died, but an old warrior stood over his body, urging the others to fight on, and crying 'Shame on him that thinks to fly from such a field as this!'

They did not fly, that fight—known as the Battle of Blackwater—was fought out to its bloody end, and when the falling of darkness ended the struggle and

the literary revival had been affected, even for those who

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gave the English survivors a chance to escape, there were but few who still lived to do so

Although the Earl of Essex had given his life instead of his gold rather than submit to the Danes, his action had not shamed Ethelred the Unready into refraining from doing so, the sea-raiders bore away with them a bribe of ten thousand pounds of silver, and with it the head of Brythnoth as a trophy

One of Brythnoth's retainers, who had fought bravely in the battle, had in the days of peace been a minstrel at the manor of Hadleigh. He had been near enough to his master on the field of Blackwater to hear his last words, and when more peaceful times came, he ever loved to dwell on them, and to sing to his harp the praises of the gallant old earl who had chosen death rather than defeat or dishonour. Surely, among all the songs and legends of past heroes, he could have found few themes more worthy of his minstrelsy!

acquired at least notoriety by his novel *A Mummer's Wife*.
 Ten years later he published *Father Waters*, and attained a

HEROES AND HEROINES

FAITHFUL SERVICE

(*Story of loyal slaves*)

It is good to know that even a record so black as that of slavery is brightened here and there by beautiful instances of the faithfulness of slaves devoted to their masters, as such devotion could surely only have been inspired by kindness and consideration, it may be thought of as honour to both master and man.

There was for instance, as long ago as A.D. 533, the case of Leo, slave of Gregory, Bishop of Langres, who when the bishop's young nephew Attalus was kept prisoner, and held for high ransom, by the Franks, declared that 'if he were given leave to go, he would deliver him from captivity.'

Permission being readily granted, he went to Trèves, the place where he knew Attalus to be, but although he saw his young master—now reduced to living as a ragged herdsman—he had no chance of speaking to him, so, as his next move in the game he had set himself to play, he contrived to get himself sold as a slave to the Frank who held Attalus prisoner, and being a super-excellent cook, soon managed to make himself a most valued servant and to get into high favour.

He was too cautious to show any sign of recognizing Attalus, and managed to give him a hint that they must

the literary revival had been affected, even for those who

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seem strangers to each other, and it was not until he had spent a whole year in the Frank's service that he one day wandered, as if merely out for a stroll, on to the ground where Attalus was watching the herds of horses, and without even looking round at him, lest they should be observed speaking together, but with his back turned towards Attalus, said to him 'This is the time for thoughts of home! When thou hast led the horses to the stable to-night, sleep not Be ready at the first call!'

It chanced that that very night one of the Frank's guests, a young man given to joking, said jestingly to Leo. 'Tell me, wilt not thou some night take one of those horses, and run away to thine own home?' But the slave answered so boldly. 'Please God, it is what I mean to do this very night,' that the other, supposing that he spoke in fun, merely responded lightly 'I shall look out, then, that thou dost not carry off anything of mine,' and they separated both laughing.

But when all the house was hushed in sleep, the slave stole out to the stable where Attalus—wide awake enough now, and all ready to saddle the two swiftest horses—usually slept, and finding he had no weapon, actually went back to his master's sleeping hut and took his sword and shield! It was a rash act which might have proved fatal, for quiet though he tried to be, the Frank awoke and asked who was there, but Leo had the presence of mind to answer so naturally 'It is I—Leo I have been to call Attalus to take out the horses early—he sleeps as hard as a drunkard,' that the master went placidly to sleep again and the slave

acquired at least notoriety by his novel *A Mummer's Wife*.

~~Tom Moore later he published *Father Mathew* and attained a~~

HEROES AND HEROINES

got away with his booty. Both armed now as well as mounted, Leo and Attalus, having managed to pass out of the enclosure unobserved, rode as far as the Meuse, but there found the bridge guarded and had to wait till night, when they swam the river, casting loose their horses and supporting themselves on pieces of wood they found on the bank.

They had brought no food with them, but luckily found in a wood a tree with plums on it, and refreshed themselves with these, and a night's sleep, before going on towards Rheims. All the time they were listening for pursuit, and at last hearing some horsemen approaching, hid behind a bush with their swords drawn. It was well they did so in time! for the riders turned out to be the pursuers they dreaded, and when they halted close beside them, to arrange their harness, one was heard to say 'Woe to me that those rogues have made off, and have not been caught! On my salvation, if I catch them, I will have one hung and the other chopped into little bits!' But terrific as the threat sounded, it was but an empty one, for the hunters soon rode off, quite unaware that they were leaving their quarry behind them.

That night the two exhausted travellers almost staggered into Rheims, and at early dawn found themselves at the house of the priest Paul, who was a friend of Bishop Gregory's, and was enchanted to see them, but had scruples about giving them food, as it was against the rules of the Church for the fast to be broken before mass, but on their pleading that it was the fourth day since they had touched bread or meat, he gave way,

acquired at least notoriety by his novel *A Mummer's Wife*.
 Ten years later he published *Father Winter*, and attained a

HEROES AND HEROINES

they put the French and Americans under hatches, left the negro free, and finding him amusing, had him entertain them while they caroused, and this Eustache did to such good purpose that at last he got them completely off their guard, and so found opportunity to release and rearm the prisoners, with the result that the tables were turned upon the pirates, who together with their ship were made captive and taken to Baltimore.

There Eustache hired himself out to work—giving all his earnings to help the ruined French who owing to the revolt among the negroes had taken refuge there—until Monsieur Behn believed that all was sufficiently peaceful in Haiti to allow him to venture back, but he found the state of things there worse than ever, and came near being murdered by a party of infuriated blacks. Eustache, having been separated from him in the crowd, did not know whether his master were alive or dead, but, determined to save, if not him, at least his property, he contrived to hide some boxes of valuables, and having at length, after making diligent inquiry, re-discovered Monsieur Behn, he succeeded for a second time in getting him, with his property, safely on board a ship bound for Baltimore.

Monsieur Behn lived for the rest of his life at Port au Prince, where Eustache continued in his service, and finding that the poor old gentleman's eyesight began to fail, he secretly had himself taught to read, that he might be to his master, not merely his 'right hand,' but his eyes as well.

Monsieur Behn, before he died, set his slave free,

acquired at least notoriety by his novel *A Mummer's Wife*.
 Ten years later he published *Father Merton*, and attained a

HEROES AND HEROINES

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besides leaving him a large legacy, but he still continued to work for his living, regarding his inheritance simply as a trust for his late master's distressed countrymen, and spending it in constant acts of charity. So famous did he become for his ceaseless deeds of benevolence, that in 1831 he was awarded one of the prizes allotted each year, under the will of Monsieur Monthyon, to the doer of the noblest act which could be discovered, but Eustache himself seemed much surprised by the admiration his doings excited, and stated simply 'Indeed I am not doing this for men, but for the Master above.'

Then there was the negro in St Domingo who, when all the other slaves on the estate where he worked revolted and massacred their master and his family, not only managed to save two of the children and to escape with them to Carolina, but afterwards, by working very hard and living very frugally, not merely to support them, but to have them brought up and educated in a way befitting the sons of a gentleman, even giving them each a dollar every week to spend!—kindness which the eldest repaid when, having grown up and become very prosperous, he treated the good old slave with the greatest indulgence and affection, making him an overseer on his estate, building him a house, and giving him, in memory of old days, a dollar every week for pocket-money.

Or again, there was the case of the negro Dunez, who, all the other slaves on his widowed mistress's estate having deserted her when French law liberated them in 1848, not only stayed with her faithfully, and tried to keep as much of the land still cultivated as was possible

acquired at least notoriety by his novel *A Mummer's Wife*
Ten years later he published *Father Waters*, and attained

with only his wife and young son to help him, working without any wage, but laboured ceaselessly, in the time he could spare from the land, at keeping up the dikes which protected it from the sea on the low marshy coast of northern South America, watching there every spring tide, for nights together, that he might be quick to repair any breach in the embankment, until, after nearly three years, some especially high tides proved too much for his unaided efforts, and the whole plantation was flooded, when he patiently set to work again to repair the damage as well as he could. The government at Cayenne, hearing of all he had done, awarded him a prize founded for the most meritorious labourer in the country—the sum of 600 francs and admission for his son into the college of the capital, but it was still his mistress, rather than himself, of whom her loyal slave thought—her son, and not his own, was sent to the college and the 600 francs were spent on his outfit, while Duncz himself continued in his faithful service. The following year Paris awarded him the first prize of Virtue.

Nor are these the only instances in which faithful slaves have shown themselves as true and devoted to their owners as that free servant, old Adam, who says in *As You Like It*

Master, go on, and I will follow thee
 To the last gasp, with love and loyalty!

the literary revival had been affected, even for those who

SIX 'GOOD MEN AND TRUE'

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SIX 'GOOD MEN AND TRUE'

(Story of the citizens of Calais)

PEOPLE who are old enough to remember the Great War—and more especially the latter end of it, when the enemy were so near, so very near, the Channel ports—know the tremendous importance which was attached to those ports, commanding as they do the coast-line of England with only a narrow strip of sea between, and how the great commander Sir Douglas Haig proclaimed that we must if need were fight to the last man, 'with our backs to the wall,' to prevent the Germans getting through to them, and even centuries ago, although long-distance guns had not then been invented, England was well aware how invaluable it would be to her to have a hold on any of those ports, and more especially on Calais, which had a strong fortress and faced the narrowest point, the Straits of Dover.

So clearly was this realized that when, in 1346, Edward III gained a great victory over the French at the Battle of Crecy, he then marched straight upon Calais, above which floated defiantly the blue standard of France with its golden lilies, and beside it the banner of the governor of the town, Sir Jean de Vienne, and sent in a herald, with a trumpeter before him, calling upon the governor to give up the town to Edward, King of England—and of France, for that too he claimed to be

acquired at least notoriety by his novel *A Mummer's Wife*.
Ten years later he published *Father Winter*, and attained a

But Sir Jean answered that he held the town for Philippe VI, king of France, and would defend it to the last. The herald rode back with that answer, and Edward prepared to take the town by force. He did not, however, attempt to attack it and take it by direct assault—he knew too well the almost hopeless strength of the fortress, he merely encamped before it with his great conquering army—his knights and squires, among whom was the gallant young Prince of Wales who had just won his spurs at Crecy, his men-at-arms, each attended by three followers, and his archers, of whom it was said that each 'went into battle with three men's lives at his girdle,' meaning the three arrows kept there ready to his hand.

The English soldiers did not 'dig themselves in' by making trenches, as those of the present day would do, but they set up tents for themselves, and parties of them rode off into the surrounding country and came back driving before them herds of cattle and flocks of sheep or droves of pigs which they had taken from the peasants, and at night those who watched from the towers of Calais would see red flame-lights against the sky, and guess that they showed where farms and homesteads had been set on fire by the enemy. After a while they saw, too, that the English were busy building themselves thatched wooden huts—a regular town of them, arranged in streets, with an open market in the midst—and Sir Jean de Vienne realized that Calais was in a state of siege, and that Edward did not mean to waste his men on vain attacks upon the fortress walls, but was settling down to starve him out.

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The governor hoped, however, that the king of France would be able to raise another army and come to his relief, and in any case was determined to hold out to the last; and with this intention he called together the poor of the city, to the number of 1,700, men, women, and children, and ordered them out of the town, knowing that if they stayed they could only starve, and would be a hindrance to him in his endeavour to resist the besiegers.

But to the poor people themselves it seemed terrible to be thus thrust out from their homes and as it were straight into the jaws of the enemy, and they went along weeping and lamenting, until they were stopped by the English soldiers and asked why they had come out of the town, when they answered that they had been sent out because there was no food for them. But Edward, touched by their pitiful ease, sent orders that not only should they pass safely through his camp, but that before they left they should all have a hearty meal—their first for many a day—and a small sum of money given them, so that many of them left praying aloud for their kindly enemy.

After that the siege went on, showing no sign of coming to an end, and after a while Queen Philippa and all the ladies of her court came over from England to visit their husbands, fathers, or brothers in the queer wooden town, to which week by week farmers and butchers, merchants and weavers, came to sell the campers food, weapons, cloth, and whatever else they could require.

A strange, bright, glittering place it must have looked to those fair ladies who had come to make it still more

acquired at least notoriety by his novel *A Mummer's Wife*.
Ten years later he published *Father Winter* and attained

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gay and colourful, with its many-coloured banners and pennons floating gaily in the sea-wind, and the knights in their shining armour and richly-embroidered surtouts, and a bright and brilliant life they led there, with their gallant and courtly warriors.

But while in the camp without the walls there was dancing and feasting and revelry, within the city those were dark days indeed, supplies within the town were running lower and lower, such was the vigilance of the English soldiers that hardly any of the food brought by land got through, and the garrison might have been starved out had it not been for two Abbeville sailors, Marant and Mestriel, who used under cover of darkness to guide in boats laden with meat and bread, and always managed somehow to make their escape when the English ships gave chase. But after a while King Edward defeated them, by building on the shore a great wooden castle in which he placed engines of war, with forty men-at-arms and two hundred archers, who kept such close watch and ward that the Abbeville sailors could no longer enter the harbour, so that that source of supply was cut off from the town.

But the besieged were now upheld by the hope that Philippe VI was at last coming to their rescue, and come he did—one night the almost starving garrison saw with unspeakable joy, on the hill of Sandgate just behind the English camp, the moonlight gleaming on the white tents, silvery armour, and flying pennons of the French army, and believed themselves saved.

But the ways to the town were blocked—the English fleet guarded the coast road, the English soldiers guarded

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the bridge, and close beside Calais was a fortified tower Philippe VI, after a few useless skirmishes, sent a challenge to Edward III to come and do battle upon a fair field, but the English king made answer that as he had spent much money on the siege, been almost a year before Calais, and nearly become its master, he would not now come out of his camp merely to gratify his enemy, three days were spent in parleying, and then—then the French king, with his great army, and without having made one real effort to rescue his brave subjects who for nearly a year had held his town in the face of slow starvation, went meekly away, a spectacle so humiliating, that the jeering song—'The King of France went up the hill, And then went down again'—is a nursery rhyme to the present day.

Driven to despair at last by this desertion of them, the besieged could endure no longer, but asked for a parley, and Edward sent Lord Basset and Sir Walter Mauny to meet Sir Jean de Vienne and arrange the terms of surrender.

The governor owned that he could hold out no longer, and only asked that the king would be content with obtaining the city and fortress, letting its defenders go in peace, but Sir Walter Mauny was obliged to answer that King Edward would agree to nothing but unconditional surrender, and that he meant to wreak his vengeance on the Calesians for all that their long resistance had cost him in time and money, and for damage done his ships, to which the governor bravely made answer that he and the other knights and squires would 'endure far more than any man had done in such

acquired at least notoriety by his novel *A Minimer's Wife*
Ten years later he published *Father Mortar* and attained

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a post, before they would consent that the smallest boy in the town should fare worse than themselves, and entreated Sir Walter Mauny to sue the king for mercy, 'for he had such an opinion of his gallantry that he thought he would alter his mind.'

It seemed, however, that Sir Jean had greatly overestimated King Edward's generosity, for the best terms he could win from him were, that he would pardon the garrison and townsfolk only on condition that six of their chief townsmen should present themselves to him, coming forth with bare feet and heads, and with halters round their necks, carrying the keys of the town, and should give themselves up to him absolutely, to receive any punishment he saw fit to mete out.

When Sir Jean de Vienne called the citizens together and told them these hard terms, there was a great outcry among them, and indeed it was a dreadful choice enough which they had to make—either to resist and starve, to surrender themselves unconditionally to the mercy of a king who seemed so merciless, or to save themselves by sacrificing the best and bravest of those who had endured with them so long.

Then Eustache de St Pierre, the richest burgher in the town, spoke and said 'Messieurs, high and low, it would be a sad pity to suffer so many people to die through hunger, if it could be prevented, and to hinder it would be meritous in the eyes of our Saviour. I have such faith and trust in finding grace before God, if I die to save my townsmen, that I name myself as first of the six.'

On hearing these brave words, many of the towns-

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people wept aloud, some threw themselves at his feet in a passion of gratitude, and one, Jean Daire, like himself an important citizen and greatly respected, rose and said. 'I will be second to my comrade Eustache' They were followed by Jacques Wissant, cousin to them both, then by his brother Pierre, and then by two more volunteers, who made up the six the English king demanded.

The gates were opened and the six, wearing halters round their necks as their conqueror had commanded, passed out, accompanied by the governor and followed by the wailing people of the town. Sir Jean, before he left them, pleaded earnestly with Sir Walter Mauny to try to save these burghers, who had offered themselves to save their fellow-citizens, and they were led into the presence of the king and his full court, where all knelt, the foremost saying: 'Most gallant king, you see before you six burghers of Calais, who have all been capital merchants, and who bring you the keys of the castle and town. We yield ourselves to your absolute will and pleasure in order to save the remainder of the inhabitants of Calais, who have suffered much distress and misery. Condescend, therefore, out of your nobleness of mind, to have pity on us.'

But King Edward, instead of showing them any mercy, ordered that they should be led away and their heads struck off.

Such utter lack of all chivalry seems so out of keeping with his humane treatment of the poor townsfolk driven out of Calais, that one is tempted to wonder whether it may not have been only a threat, or a test, but still,

acquired at least notoriety by his novel *A Mummer's Wife*

~~Two years later he published *British Writers*, a despatch~~

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those were rough days, and war is a rough game, so it is quite possible he may really have meant it—and at all events, those about him fully believed that he did. All the nobles pleaded with him vehemently to pardon the citizens, touched by their worn looks and simple heroism, Sir Walter Mauny even daring to tell him that such a sentence would tarnish his honour and bring reprisals on his own garrisons, but the king was not to be moved until, when the headsman had been actually sent for, Queen Philippa threw herself on her knees among the captives and pleaded with tears 'Ah, gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea, with much danger, to see you, I have never asked you one favour; now I beg as a boon to myself, for the sake of the Son of the Blessed Mary, and for your love to me, that you will be merciful to these men!'

There followed a tense silence, while all present waited in breathless suspense, then Edward exclaimed 'Dame, dame, would that you had been anywhere than here! You have entreated in such a manner that I cannot refuse you, I therefore give these men to you, to do with as you please.'

What the joyful Queen Philippa pleased to do with her prisoners was, to conduct them to her own apartments, make them welcome as her guests, entertain them with a fine dinner, and give them gifts of new garments, and of six nobles apiece, before setting them free to return—how blessing the English queen, we can well imagine!—to the city of Calais, whose inhabitants they had ransomed at the risk of their own lives and to their everlasting honour.

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(Story of Joan of Arc)

EARLY in the fifteenth century, there lived in a remote little village among the wild and beautiful hill-country of Lorraine, a little French peasant-girl called Jeanne d'Arc. Her child-life was a lonely, although as far as we know a happy one—she often spent long days watching the sheep or cattle all by herself, without another soul in sight, or long hours kneeling alone at her prayers in the little village chapel, for she was by nature deeply religious, superstitious too, as religious people of the ignorant peasant class were almost bound to be, and fanciful, as lonely children so often are, sometimes she would tell her friends among the country people that she had seen—as she might very easily have imagined she did, in the dim chapel or among the misty hills—shadowy, unearthly figures, and heard them speak, and the peasants in their simplicity were very ready to believe this, and inclined to look upon Jeanne as a little saint.

But although in quiet far-away Lorraine there might be dreamy peace, in the more populous parts of France the times were stirring enough, for the Dauphin—or, as he called himself, Charles VII—was struggling for his throne against the English, rumours of the war raging so near by reached even the placid little hill-

acquired at least notoriety by his novel *A Mummer's Wife*.
 Ten years later he published *Father Winter*, and attained a

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village where the family of d'Arc lived and sunk deep into the imaginative mind of Jeanne, who one day told her father that she had seen a strange unearthly light, heard a solemn voice, which said it was that of St Michael and bade her go to the aid of the Dauphin, and seen a vision of St Catherine and St Margaret, urging her to be virtuous and resolute, that these visions had sometimes returned, and the voices still more often, always in the ringing of the chapel bells she heard them, and always they told her that she was ordained by Heaven to go to help the Dauphin.

How far these visions and voices were anything more than the product of Jeanne's own excited imagination does not now concern us, it is enough that whether real or not, they at all events seemed intensely so to her—for what we are concerned with is the 'golden deed' of the wonderful steadfastness and heroism with which she tried to obey them.

Her father, a practical man, who probably thought it all only another of his daughter's queer fancies, advised Jeanne, at that time nearly grown-up, to find a good husband and get enough to do to put such ideas out of her mind, although the girl assured him that she had taken a vow never to marry, and although, shortly after, the peace of his quiet hills was broken by the war, and the enemy raided his village, burnt the chapel, and drove out the inhabitants, he still persisted, in response to his daughter's excited declarations that the visions and voices were constantly with her, telling her she was the girl who according to an old prophecy should deliver France, and that she must make her way to a

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certain noble, the Lord Baudricourt, who would take her to the Dauphin, with whom she must remain until he was crowned at Rheims 'I tell thee, Jeanne, it is thy fancy' So she turned from him to her uncle, the village wheelwright and carpenter, who was much more easy to convince, and who went with her all the long and dangerous journey, through rough wild country where they were liable to meet still rougher and wilder men, to the place where Baudricourt was

When a message was brought to this lord that a young country girl, accompanied by an old peasant, was demanding to see him on the grounds that she had a mission from Heaven to save France, Baudricourt very naturally laughed and ordered the mad creature's dismissal, but finding that she still lingered in the town, and was being constantly seen, praying in the churches, and attracting a great deal of attention, he thought it well to send for the girl and question her, and strange though her story was, he was so much impressed by her evident sincerity and intense conviction that he ordered two of his squires to conduct her to the Dauphin at the town of Chinon, giving her a horse for the journey, and a sword, and so, garbed in man's attire (for the voices—or perhaps her own sound peasant's common sense—had warned her that if she were now to play a man's role among rough soldiery she had better dress the part), Jeanne parted from her poor bewildered old uncle, who made his way back to his home, while his niece, accompanied by her squires, made hers to Chinon on her amazing quest

Being, after some difficulty, admitted into the presence

acquired at least notoriety by his novel *A Mummer's Wife*.
 Ten years later he published *Father Mathew*, and attained a

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of the Dauphin, she told him, as she had told Baudricourt, that she was commanded by Heaven to help him to conquer his enemies, and to see him crowned at Rheims, and she also, or so he declared, told him many secrets known only to himself, and stated that St Catherine had bidden her wear an old sword, marked with five crosses on the blade, which would be found hanging in the saint's cathedral at Fierbois, where sure enough it was

All this made a deep impression and created a great stir, and many learned divines held long and solemn discussions as to whether Jeanne were genuinely inspired or possessed by demons, but at length they decided that she was really what she claimed to be—the chosen instrument of Providence—and the effect of her coming, on the troops on both sides, was immediate, for whereas the Dauphin's soldiers were greatly heartened by believing they were to have Divine aid sent them, the English army, supposing Jeanne a powerful witch, were put into something like a panic.

So Jeanne set forth once more—but this time in state, at the head of a great body of troops and a convoy of provisions—for the beleaguered city of Orleans.

When the besieged saw from the walls a girl clad in shining armour, mounted on a great white war-horse, and with a white banner flying before her, approaching them, there was a cry ‘The Maid of the Prophecy is come to deliver us!'

Thus encouraged, and further inspired by the sight of the maid leading on her men and herself fighting at their head, the French soldiers made short work of the fear-stricken English, the line of forts was soon broken,

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and the victorious troops triumphantly entered the town, bringing with them provisions in plenty for the starving inhabitants Orleans was saved

For some days Jeanne—henceforth known as the Maid of Orleans—remained within the town, causing dispatches to be thrown from the walls ordering the English leader, Lord Suffolk, to withdraw his troops according to the Divine Will; but finding that the commander refused either to obey her commands or believe that they were those of Heaven, she ordered her soldiers to advance against the besiegers, who still held the bridge, and some strong towers on it.

The struggle which ensued lasted fourteen hours, and Jeanne herself was in the thickest of the fight, placing a scaling ladder with her own hands, and mounting it. Once she was slightly wounded—in the neck, by an arrow—and fell, and when, having been carried to the rear and tended, she reappeared on her white horse, the English, who had believed her killed, at sight of her were stricken with superstitious fear—some crying out that they saw St Michael fighting for the French—and easily beaten, they lost the bridge and the towers, and next day retreated, having previously set their forts on fire

They only retired a few miles, however, to the town of Jargeau, which the Maid of Orleans at once attacked. In this fight she again fell—being struck on the head with a stone—but lying on the ground she cried ‘On, on, my countrymen, and fear nothing, for the Lord hath delivered them into our hands!’

The town was taken and Lord Suffolk made prisoner,

acquired at least notoriety by his novel *A Mummer's Wife*

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and it seems that the enemy must then have lost heart, for several other towns and fortresses which had been held against the Dauphin were now given up without a struggle, and there followed a battle at Patay in which the Maid of Orleans was so completely victorious that she urged the Dauphin to go straight to Rheims and be crowned there, as her voices had told her he should be.

So, in her shining armour and on her white horse, Jeanne d'Arc—the peasant girl who so lately had watched the sheep and cattle among the quiet pastures of Lorraine—rode with the king she had helped to crown to his coronation, at the head of ten thousand men, whose wavering faith in her varied according to the degree of her success, so that sometimes, when they swept all before them, they believed her inspired, and at others—as when the town of Troyes for a time resisted—were ready to declare her an impostor; and indeed, what wonder if they were bewildered?

But they came at last to the great cathedral of Rheims, and there the Dauphin was indeed crowned Charles the Seventh, the Maid of Orleans standing by him with her white banner through the ceremony, and when it was over, and the crown placed on his head, kneeling at his feet and saying with tears that her mission was now over and that she asked for no reward save permission to return to her home.

But the newly-made king would not let her go. Instead, he showered riches on her and insisted on keeping her near him, and she, obedient to her king's commands, remained, and did her best to help both him and his soldiers, though she often begged to be

the literary revival had been affected, even for those who

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allowed to go home, and once hung up her armour in a church, meaning never to wear it again

Then the war broke out once more, and the king appealed to the Maid of Orleans to know what her voices bade him do, but she had no longer a clear message to give him, so that the French soldiers lost faith in her as their inspired leader more and more, and grew to care for her so little that when, in an attack on Paris, she was again struck down, no one came to her aid; and some of her followers deserted her for one Catherine of Rochelle, who claimed to have inspired knowledge of the whereabouts of buried treasure, and then the old sword with the five crosses on the blade was broken, and men said Jeanne's power was broken with it. The toils were closing in about her.

The end came at the siege of Compiègne, when in the retreat she was left alone, fighting to the last, an archer dragged her off her horse, and she was taken prisoner.

After that she was shut up in prison, and brought out of it no less than sixteen times, to be accused of sorcery and heresy and what not, and tried and retried, and questioned and cross-questioned, and examined and cross-examined, and threatened and terrorized, and wrought into a state in which (remember, she was but a girl of about twenty) in mortal fear of death by fire she signed—with a cross only, for she was but an uneducated peasant and could not write—a declaration that her visions and voices had come from the devil, after which, she was condemned to miserable imprisonment for life—for the wretched cowardly king, by whom she had

acquired at least notoriety by his novel *A Mummer's Wife*
Ten years later he published *Father Mathew* and attained

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stood so nobly, and for whom she had bravely spoken out even at her trial, abandoned her to her fate, nor did one of the nobles make the least attempt to save her

But in her solitary imprisonment, she came to believe herself once more inspired, and put on again the man's dress she had promised never more to wear, so she was denounced afresh as an heretical sorceress, and this time sentenced to be burnt to death.

In the market-place of Rouen, with a crowd of spectators looking on, as if at a pageant, this infamous sentence was carried out. Such was the end of Jeanne d'Arc, once Maid of Orleans. Bound to the stake, she begged for a crucifix, and a man in the crowd, to his lasting honour, tied two sticks together and gave them to her, and she was last seen, in the glare of the flames, amid the wreathing smoke and devouring fire, gazing at the cross and calling upon Christ.

It is hundreds of years since the burnt ashes of Jeanne d'Arc's body were thrown into the Seine, and only a very few since the Roman Catholic Church pronounced her a saint, but she had already gone down to history as what the French and English soldiers saw her, in her glittering armour, on her white horse—a shining figure, belonging to the glorious company of dreamers who gave their all to make their selfless dreams come true.

the literary revival had been affected, even for those wh

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'GENTLE, VERY PERFECT KNIGHTHOOD'

(*Story of the Knights Hospitallers*)

Of all the old orders of knighthood, there is none with a finer record than the Order of St John, the members of which were trained, not only as soldiers, but as what we should now call medical missionaries, and who did so much in the way of tending the sick and receiving poor stricken people into their hospitals and refuges that they were known as the Knights Hospitallers, and we may think of them as the *hospitable* knights—surely a good and honourable title! Their flag of an eight-pointed white cross on a red ground stood then for what our Red Cross flag stands for to-day, and wherever in their neighbourhood there was plague or disaster, there the white cross was as sure to be seen as the red one would be now.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, having been driven by the Turks out of Rhodes, where their Order had been for two hundred and fifty years, they made their headquarters on the little island of Malta, that they might still continue their self-imposed task of protecting Mediterranean travellers not only from the Turks, but also from the Moorish pirates. On their first coming to take up their abode there, they found the rock—for it was little more—a wild and desolate place enough, but at least its deeply indented northern shore

acquired at least notoriety by his novel *A Mummer's Wife*
 Ten years later he published *Fether Water* and attained a

HEROES AND HEROINES

offered what was to them a vital necessity—a harbour, and within a few years of their coming they had not only built themselves a fortress and a hospital, but the Città Notabile, the chief town—a poor dreary place when they first came—had become worthy of its name as a notable city, full of fine churches, houses, and infirmaries, and surrounded with walls and battlements, while country houses stood upon the rocks, deep vaults were filled with corn enough to last for months, the harbours were fortified and full of war-ships, and altogether the rock of Malta had become in its way as important a centre of civilization as the rock of Gibraltar is to-day.

So strong an arm of defence did the people all along the shores of Italy and Sicily find the knights against their Mohammedan enemies, the Turks and Moors, and so valiantly did they sweep the Mediterranean seas for the corsairs of Tunis, Tripoli, and Algiers, which were hotbeds of piracy, that at length the Turkish Sultan, Sulyman the Magnificent, determined to be rid of these interfering Christians, and united his huge armaments with those of the Barbary pirates, under the command of Mustafa and Piali, two of his own pashas, and Dragut, an Algerian corsair who had already made one vain onslaught on the island and was now to lead another attack upon it.

The Grand Master of the Order of St John, on learning the alarming news of the Sultan's warlike intentions, called some of his Hospitallers together, told them his tidings, and saying 'A formidable army and a cloud of barbarians are about to burst on this

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isle Brethren, they are the enemies of Jesus Christ. The question is the defence of the faith, and whether the Gospel shall yield to the Koran'—led the way to the church, where a solemn service was held, after which, all calmly awaited the coming siege.

To defend Città Notabile and all the rest of the island, the Grand Master had only 700 knights and 8,500 soldiers. He sent in haste to recall all members of the Order who were scattered abroad in different countries—France, Spain, Germany—and he also made an appeal for help to King Philip II of Spain, to which the Duke of Alva, the Spanish Viceroy in Sicily, returned answer that aid should if possible be sent to Malta if, until the fleet could be got ready, the Hospitallers could hold Fort St Elmo, a strong fortress standing on a point of rock which divided the chief harbour of the island.

The Grand Master gave this important post of danger and honour to his Spanish knights, under the command of De Guerras, and divided his remaining knights according to their nationalities, giving one point of defence to the French and another to the English and German.

On the 18th of May 1565, the defenders sighted the enemy fleet, which consisted of 159 ships, rowed by Christian galley-slaves, and carrying 30,000 Janissaries and Spahis, the latter being light horsemen from Albania and other Greek and Bulgarian provinces who had entered the service of the Sultan, and the former a brotherhood whose title meant New Soldiers, mainly natives of Circassia and Georgia, bought or captured in their youth by the Mohammedans, who knew nothing of home or kindred and were bound not to marry, that

acquired at least notoriety by his novel *A Mummer's Wife*

Ten years later he published *England's Sons*.

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they might care for nothing but the Sultan, each other, and the honour of their company. These troops made a brilliant pageant, for the uniforms and head-dresses of the Janissaries were of the richest stuffs and most gorgeous colours, their very weapons being encrusted with gold and gems, while the Albanians, who were great plunderers, sparkled, as did also the harness of their horses, with stolen jewels.

The leaders held a council, and although Piali would fain have waited for the arrival of Dragut, Mustafa, in fear of being caught by the Spanish fleet if he lost time, urged that they should at once lay siege to Fort St Elmo, believing that the little fort (which could not contain more than 300 men) would not hold out more than a few days.

So the Turks set up batteries on the land side of Fort St Elmo, a heavy cannonade was started, and well within a week a breach had been opened in the walls, and that night, when the wounded were sent by boat to the headquarters at the Borgo, De Guerras sent with them the knight La Cerda, to report to the Grand Master and ask help. He did so urgently, declaring that the fort could not possibly hold out more than a week and might be thought of like a sick man who could only be kept alive by constant succour and remedies, to which the Grand Master crushingly responded, 'I will be doctor myself, and will bring others with me who, if they cannot cure you of fear, will at least be brave enough to prevent the infidels from seizing the fort.'

But there was no need, no one among the defenders was 'showing the white feather,' as the saying is, save

the literary revival had been affected, even for those w

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La Cerda himself, and although the Grand Master, in his anxiety to share to the full the desperate peril of the garrison (which he too well knew that La Cerda had in no way exaggerated), did actually intend to go to the fort himself, he was dissuaded by his knights, great numbers of whom themselves volunteered for the desperate service of helping to keep the white cross flag flying there.

Then the Grand Master sent his nephew to Messina to give the Viceroy of Sicily a chart of the entrance to the harbour, with a list of signals, and to urge him to hasten to the relief of Malta, asking especially that the knights recalled from foreign lands, who had not arrived before the siege began, might be sent out in two ships belonging to the Order.

He returned with an assurance from the Viceroy that the fleet should sail on the 15th of June at latest, and fresh injunctions to maintain Fort St Elmo at all costs.

So the siege dragged on. The defenders attempted a raid on the enemy trenches, but were driven out, and under cover of the smoke of the artillery, which the wind drove down on the slope of masonry, called the counterscarp, facing the ramparts, the Mohammedans managed to get a lodgment there for themselves and for their guns, with which they prepared to batter the ravelin or outwork guarding the gateway. La Cerda advised blowing up and abandoning this fortification, but the other defenders were determined to hold every inch of wall to the last.

Then there came reinforcements for the enemy first came six galleys from Egypt bearing 900 Mameluke

acquired at least notoriety by his novel *A Mummer's Wife*
 Ten years later he published *Father Winter and others*

horsemen—troops much like the Janissaries—and after them, Moorish galleys and gallots from the south, bringing 600 Moors from Tripoli under Dragut himself.

Dragut disapproved of the attack on the island having been begun with the siege of Fort St Elmo, but as he considered that it could not now be discontinued with honour, turned a fresh battery of guns upon the fort and increased the fury of the attack. The defenders of the ravelin falling asleep from exhaustion gave the enemy an opportunity to enter it—mounting by climbing on each other's shoulders—and although De Guerras and his knights fought desperately, the Turks nearly broke into the fort, and were only driven back at last with heavy loss on both sides.

Among the wounded Hospitallers was the knight Abel de Bridiers, who when mortally wounded refused all aid, saying to those who would have tended him 'Reckon me no more among the living—you will be doing better by defending our brothers,' and dragging himself away to the castle chapel, was found there, dead, before the altar. The other wounded were taken to the Borgo headquarters in boats at night, and whereas De Guerras, although an old man and severely wounded, insisted on returning to the fort with the reinforcements as soon as his wound had been dressed, the cowardly La Cerdia made of a trifling flesh-wound an excuse to return to the 'base,' as we should call it, and stay there. The Grand Master, however, finding out how slight his hurt had actually been, punished him for his cowardice with some days' imprisonment, and we may conclude that finally his courage and knighthood came

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back to him, for after all he met his death in the end as a brave man, fighting on the ramparts of the Borgo

At last—when the fort which had been counted unable to hold out a week had done so fully a month—the longed-for 15th of June came, but the fleet from Sicily did not, nor would the Viceroy even allow the Order's own two ships to sail with their own knights

By this time the plight of the defenders was becoming not only desperate, but hopeless. A battery which the enemy had set up on a hill commanding the strait made it impossible for any more help to be sent across to them; and the wounded could no longer be sent to the Borgo, but were laid in the chapel and vaults and tended by the other Hospitallers, for although five armed boats were ready to come to their relief, the enemy had fifteen out in the bay.

For yet another week, and more, the little fort held out—until the 23rd of June, when the defenders knew that the end had come. They knew it so well that they had spent the previous night in prayer and preparation for death. At daylight each repaired to his place—those who could not walk being carried—and there waited, sword in hand, for what all knew would be their last fight. By midday it was over, and every one of the Christian knights left in Fort St Elmo had died at his post.

The fort was in the hands of the Mohammedans, but it was in ruins, and had cost the enemy 8,000 men—among them Dragut, who died of a wound received while reconnoitring. 'If the son has cost us so much,' Mustafa exclaimed, 'what will the father cost?'

acquired at least notoriety by his novel *A Mummer's Wit*. Ten years later he published *Esther Waters*, and attained

For three more months the siege of Malta continued, with daily battles, and still there came no relief, though at Messina two hundred Knights Hospitallers were waiting, in despair at their inability to reach and help the companions of their Order who were in such desperate need, ceaselessly haunting the viceregal palace and imploring that aid might be sent to Malta.

'Señor,' one of them is known to have exclaimed to the Viceroy, who had complained that they did not treat him with enough respect nor call him 'Excellency,' 'if you will only bring us in time to save the Order, I will call you anything you please—Excellency, Highness, or Majesty itself!'

It is thought that the King of Spain may have believed the Mohammedans would exhaust themselves against the Christians and forbidden the Viceroy to risk his fleet. At last, however, on the 1st of September, it did actually set sail, but it only hovered on the further side of the island, and having landed 6,000 men, returned to Sicily.

But the mere news of its approach had sufficed to cause such alarm among the war-worn ranks of the enemy, that in a panic they raised the siege, and abandoning their artillery and removing their garrison from St Elmo, which they had repaired, took to their ships in all haste. When, however, the Pasha learnt that the reinforcements had consisted of only 6,000 men, he became ashamed that his own 16,000 should have retreated before them, and although the soldiers were angry and reluctant and actually had to be driven out of their ships with blows, he landed once more on the island, where the Grand Master had had time to place

IN BONDAGE

(Story of *Vincent de Paul*)

THESE are very few boys or girls who, even before they are old enough to read *Treasure Island*, or be taken to see it as a play in a theatre, have not been thrilled by the word 'pirates' or liked to play make-believe pirate games. There is something irresistibly exciting in the thought of those swarthy, swaggering buccaneers, with gay-coloured kerchiefs round their heads and necks and belts stuck full of weapons roving the blue Caribbean Sea under a blazing southern sun, or burying, on far-away islands such as that on which Robinson Crusoe was wrecked, the treasure taken by force from captured merchant vessels whose hapless crews had been made to 'walk the plank', so thrilling is it, indeed, that it is sometimes rather tempting to be so caught by the glamour of pirate-fiction as to lose sight a little of the grim and anything but glamorous facts, and to make heroes out of rascals such as Captain Kidd, forgetting what a horrible set of ruffians the Corsairs really were!

That being so, it may perhaps be well to think a little about a pirate story of real life, which shows something of what it was from which the heroic Knights Hospitallers tried to safeguard the Christians living or sailing along the Mediterranean coast.

The hero of the tale was no gallant Knight of the Order of St. John, and still less a swashbuckling, blood-thirsty pirate, but a young priest, the son of a Languedoc farmer, who in his earnest desire to fit his son for the ministry had even gone to the length of selling the oxen with which he ploughed his land to pay for the youth's college education. This young man, by name Vincent de Paul, was in the summer of 1622 returning from Marseilles, where he had been on business, when the ship on which he sailed was set upon by African brigantines, and fell into the hands of the Corsairs.

Vincent, badly wounded, heavily fettered, and knowing himself to be, most likely for the rest of his life, a prisoner of the cruel Mohammedans, lay in the stifling hold of the ship until, at the end of a week, the pirates put into the harbour of Tunis, when, after the wretched captives, clad in the coarse blue and white clothes of slaves, had been exhibited in the streets and bazaars and then taken back to the ship, where would-be purchasers came to examine them further, like animals at a cattle-show, and to bargain for them, he was sold to a fisherman—cheaply, as he was considered too weak and ill to be worth much.

His master, however, found his new slave such a 'bad sailor' as to be useless at sea, so sold him again, to a Moorish physician—a learned old man, who found the services of this intelligent, well-educated slave most valuable, and grew so much attached to Vincent that he tried to bribe him to turn Mohammedan by offering, if he would do so, not only to set him free, but

to leave him his wealth and the chemical secrets he had discovered—a temptation which, however, the Christian priest resolutely resisted.

At the end of a year, the old doctor having died, he was sold again, his next master being a native of Nice, who like himself had been captured by the Corsairs but unlike Vincent had escaped slavery by agreeing to renounce the Christian religion, and had charge of one of the farms of the Dey of Tunis. Here Vincent was set to hard field labour which, as he had to work in the blazing heat on an exposed hill side, tried him extremely but he endured this new kind of suffering with the same unflagging faith and uncomplaining patience he had shown throughout his captivity.

But it was not to last much longer one of his master's three wives, a Turkish woman, used to talk to Vincent and ask him about his religion, and was so much impressed by what she heard from him that she told her husband he must have been wrong to forsake such a faith, and he in his turn had converse with the martyr slave, with the result that he came bitterly to repent his cowardly denial of his own creed and outward acceptance of that of Mohammedanism. He knew, however, that for an avowed Mohammedan to change his religion meant punishment by cruel death, and that if he would no longer deny Christianity he must, if he would avoid the dread consequences, fly for his life, so he secretly made his escape in a small barge, in which he safely crossed the Mediterranean to Auges Mortes, taking his slave Vincent with him.

Vincent's experiences of slavery were now over, but

he was yet to know another kind of bondage—and that of his own free-will

For a time he led more or less the ordinary busy life of a young priest, doing excellent work at a hospital in Paris, and later becoming a tutor in the family of the Count de Joigny, who was inspector-general of the 'galères,' known in England as the 'hulks'—convict-ships lying in the chief harbours of France such as Brest and Marseilles

Going about among these prison-ships, Vincent, and also the Count de Joigny, who was a kind-hearted man, were both deeply shocked by the terrible condition of the convicts, who lacked the barest necessities of life, and were closely chained, kept to hard labour, sometimes made to toil at the oar like galley-slaves, and often reduced by their misery to a state of animal-like ferocity, and the tutor-priest, with the full consent of the good inspector, set to work among them, to such good purpose that he was presently appointed almoner-general to the galley-ships

While visiting those at Marseilles—his former visit to which place had so nearly resulted in his being a slave for life—he was struck by the despairing aspect of one of the prisoners, and having won his confidence, learnt that what caused him far more misery than his own condition was the thought of the straits to which his wife and children must be reduced now that they no longer had him to work for them

Then it was that Vincent did a most amazing thing: he voluntarily and deliberately *changed places* with the convict!

We may presume that he knew the man not to be a murderous villain who for the sake of those outside the prison walls must not be trusted with his freedom, indeed, it is possible that he was not a criminal at all, but only a political prisoner, condemned for having resisted in some way the authority of Cardinal de Richelieu. At all events Vincent, in order to set him free to go home, took his place. Exactly how the escape was managed is not known, but it seems probable that the priest and the prisoner exchanged clothes, and that the presence of the former enabled the jailer of the gang—who may perhaps have been in the plot—to make up the full number of men for whom he was responsible.

But consider what it meant for Vincent! Remember, it was not his first experience of imprisonment, he knew already, as only a man who had himself been through it could have known, the full bitterness of captivity, and yet, having won back his priceless freedom, he voluntarily went back to bondage, and in another's stead wore, as when captured by the pirates the dragging chain, lived on prison fare, did a convict's heavy toil, and lived among the criminals of the galleys.

Like his former slavery, it did not last—although the injuries he had received from the pressure of the chain did, for life. The good inspector—probably high minded enough himself to see the beauty of Vincent's wonderful self sacrifice—pardoned his almoner's extraordinary breach of the prison regulations, and retained him in his post, and Vincent reaped the benefit of his voluntary experience of prison life on the 'galères'.

by finding how infinitely more good he could do among the convicts now that he had been one of themselves

The rest of Vincent's beautiful life was one long series of 'golden deeds'. In addition to his work for the prison-ships, he did, as his position became more and more influential, infinite good in many other ways, which included the founding of the Order of Sisters of Charity which is still, three hundred years later, doing, especially in France, so much and such excellent charitable work, and he never forgot his capture by the pirates and time of slavery in Africa, remembering it, not in the spirit of vengeance, but in that of charity, raising funds to ransom in all not less than twelve hundred slaves from their captivity. Nor was this all—for having obtained, through the French king, the consent of the Dey of Tunis for a number of Christian priests to reside in the consul's house in order to minister to the bodily and spiritual needs of the Christian slaves, of whom there were thousands, in Tunis, Algiers, Tangiers, and Tripoli, he sent out a mission of Brothers of St Lazarus—an Order which, like that of the Sisters of Charity, Vincent had himself founded, the members of which were, although not soldiers like the Knights Hospitallers, trained like them to be nurses as well as priests, and this Order, like that of the Sisters of Charity, still exists, and follows the shining example Vincent himself set of helpful compassion 'for all prisoners and captives'—*all*—not only those who are under actual physical restraint, but also those who are slaves to their own passions or held fast in the 'prison-house of pain'.

Thus having known the deepest depths of humiliation and been, first a slave, and afterwards a convict, Vincent de Paul lived to be honoured in his life, and honoured still more in his death, for after it the dignitaries of his Church added his noble name to their calendar of Saints.

A STAUNCH DEFENDER

(Story of Catherine Douglas)

AMONG all the famous names which Scottish folk are proud either to bear or to honour, there are few if any nobler than that of Douglas, and it is a striking fact that among the many whose deeds rank them on the Roll of Honour of that great clan, none stand out more finely, among all the warlike chieftains and fearless warriors, than one gentle lady, Catherine Douglas.

What makes the fact the more remarkable is that she led, as was natural to one of her high birth, not the simple, hardy, and often perilous life of the Scotch peasant-women of her day, which was likely enough to call for acts of heroism and self-sacrifice, but one which would in those rough times have been accounted sheltered and luxurious, so that she seemed likely to have scant opportunity for any deeds of daring, and stranger still it is that at the time of her immortal exploit—the 20th of February 1437—she was situated where perilous adventure seemed the last thing likely to come her way—behind monastic walls, guarded from the storms of life by the peace of the cloisters.

But she was not there as a nun, nor even as a novice, she was on the contrary, oddly out of keeping as it seemed with such surroundings, living as a gay Court lady, and that at a time of revelry—carnival time, as

Christmas and the weeks which followed it were called For the truth was, that in those wild times, and in the disturbed state of Scotland, her kings found it a safeguard to attach their palaces to convents or monasteries, in order that they might find sanctuary there—that is, share in the peace of the Church,' which was seldom broken

Thus it came to pass the King James with his Scottish nobles, and his beautiful Queen Joan with her train of Court ladies—among them Catherine Douglas—had come to keep Christmas and carnival within the shelter of the cloisters of the Dominican Monastery at Perth, and their gaieties—their blithe music, dancing, and tournaments—were in strange contrast with the lives of strict self denial and constant prayer which the grave friars in their cells near by were leading

But the revelry was not of the rude, rough kind it would have been in the halls of most of the great chieftains, for during the years of his boyhood, when he was kept a prisoner at Windsor by Henry IV of England, James had been partly compensated for his imprisonment by receiving such an education as made him the most brilliantly accomplished man in his kingdom and during the eleven years of their married life he and his lovely queen had made their Court the one pleasant centre of refinement and culture in warlike, feud-distracted Scotland, where the ceaseless fighting and unrest left no time for learning and fine arts, and the chieftains of the Highland clans were often little better than the chiefs of robber bands

But King James had striven hard to change all this,

for he was determined to bring, if not education and elegance, at least peace and safety, to his harried subjects, saying when he came to take the throne 'Let God but grant me life, and there shall not be a spot in my realm where the key shall not keep the castle, and the bracken bush the cow, though I should lead the life of a dog to accomplish it,' and on that fatal night of February, during a long social evening made festive by harping and singing, games of chess, tables, and backgammon, and the reading of romances of chivalry, he had seemed as gay, care-free and unperturbed as though there, at the Monastery of Perth, the key did indeed 'keep the castle,' instead of all keys and bolts having been, as had he but known it they were, treacherously removed, that there should be no barriers against the enemies who were even then on their way, seeking his destruction!

Yet that he had deadly enemies, and that they were many, he well knew, nor had he been without warning of the danger threatening him at Perth—for on his way there, his horse had been stopped by a wild-looking Highland woman, who solemnly warned him that if he once crossed the Firth of Forth 'he would never return alive.' The king, struck by her strange looks and stranger words, told one of his knights to find out what she meant, but he—stupid or treacherous—declared her either mad or intoxicated, and her warning passed unheeded.

But that very night she had reappeared—there, at the monastery—begging to see the king if but for one moment! But James seemed inclined to heed her and

her warnings as little as he did a saying he knew to be abroad in the land that 'the new year should see the death of a king, which he regarded so lightly that that evening when playing chess with a gay and handsome young courtier he had playfully nicknamed the King of Love,' he had laughingly referred to the prophecy, saying 'It must be you or I, since there are but two kings in Scotland—therefore look well to yourself!' He sent a not unkindly message to the woman that she must wait until the morrow to see him, but she, on hearing it turned away in despair, saying she should never look upon his face again!

And she spoke too truly—for when the evening's festivities over the queen in her apartments was sitting with her long fair hair unbound under the hands of her trewomen, while the king in his furred night-robe stood chatting with her and her ladies of a sudden the clang of weapons and flash of torches showed that unlooked for new comers—and who could such be but enemies?—were below the walls and across the moat, which indeed the king's treacherous chamberlain and kinsman, Sir Robert Stewart had enabled them to traverse by means of boards placed across it

Instantly taking the alarm the frightened ladies flew to the doors to secure them—only to find that bolts and bars were gone!

King James knew too well how many enemies sought his life to have any doubt of what the midnight intrusion meant or that his only hope lay in flight. He tried the windows, but they unlike the doors were barred all too heavily, and escape that way was impossible, so

seizing the tongs, he tore up a board in the floor, by which he let himself down into the vault beneath—none too soon, for at the very moment his would-be assassins came rushing along the corridor outside, killing a page named Walter Stratton on their way, and in the triumphant certainty that there could be no barrier to stop them, since there was no bolt to the door.

But bolt there was—the slender arm of Catherine Douglas, which she thrust into the empty staples, in the hope that by thus barring the door she might gain for her king those few moments of respite which for him might mean escape to safety!

Only for a few instants could that brave arm bar the way, then the too feeble bolt was broken, and the ruffians came rushing in, thrusting aside the fainting Catherine Douglas, and even striking and wounding the queen before Graham, their leader, called them off and ordered them to search for the king.

But their search was vain, and when, having ransacked the queen's apartments, they scattered about the other rooms, still looking without success, the ladies dared to cherish hopes that the citizens and nobles in the town might come to their aid, and that the king might have escaped, through an opening they knew there was in the vault.

So, indeed, he might—but as fate would have it, James, only a few days before, finding that as the opening led on to the tennis-court the balls were apt to fly into it, had ordered it to be bricked up, little guessing that in carelessly giving that trifling order he was to all intents and purposes signing his own death-warrant!

Presently the ladies to their dismay heard him calling to them, since there was no exit down below, to draw him up again, and in trying to do so by a rope of sheets, one of them—another Douglas, Elizabeth—was accidentally pulled down into the vault herself, the noise was heard by the still-watchful assassins, who came pouring back—and the peaceful Monastery of Perth became the scene of murder most foul.

A grim and gloomy page of history!—but to it, softening the grimness and brightening the gloom, will ever be attached the story of a brave woman's golden deed.

Oh Catherine Douglas, brave and true
Let Scotland keep thy holy name
Still first upon her ranks of fame!

and in thinking of the assassin's murderous arm raised to slay a helpless king, we think too of that other arm which barred the door.

FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

(Story of Robert Kett)

'OUT of work!'

One of the saddest facts in England now is the vast number of men and women out of employment; and if it is a tragedy to-day, when every one is so sorry for the unemployed and anxious to help them, the Government by the 'dole' and private people by charity, what must it not have been in the bad old days when to be out of work was looked upon, and treated, not as poor people's misfortune, but as their fault?

Of course there are cases in which it *is* people's own fault, and due entirely to their own laziness. An old gentleman of our acquaintance, who had himself led a most industrious life, and who on being assured by a tramp who was begging from him at the door that he was out of work 'owing to slackness'—presumably of trade—crushingly retorted '*Whose* slackness—yours?' was very possibly in the right of it! But although here and there one comes across hopeless idlers, in an enormous number of cases unemployed people are not lazy, but simply unlucky—have been thrown out of work through no fault of their own, but because owing to hard times the mine or factory in which they were working has had to close down, or something like that, and about the middle of the sixteenth century a fearful

amount of distress of that kind was caused by what was called the 'enclosing' and 'engrossing' of land—enclosing meaning the hedging round of what had before been common ground and making it private property, and engrossing the turning, by big landowners, of a dozen 'small holdings,' or tiny farms, into one, the peasants who had held them for generations being turned out by the raising of their rent to sums they could not pay, and their cottages then pulled down. Naturally this meant the land being thrown out of cultivation, but the owners cared nothing for that, for they had found that it paid much better to breed sheep.

There were plenty of people in the land who saw clearly enough what a wrong was being done, preachers like the great Latimer spoke against the greed and cruelty of the landlords, Protector Somerset issued proclamations forbidding the enclosures, and Parliament passed Bills against them, but the landowners managed to fulfil the letter of the law by driving a single furrow across a hundred acres to prove that they were still, as the Acts obliged them to be, 'under the plough,' and the crying injustice went on almost unchecked.

Naturally the result was that huge numbers of poor families whose forefathers had been thriving yeomen, were thrown on the roads as tramps looking for work, but there was no work for them to do, or at least not nearly enough to go round. By 1536 unemployment in the country had become so serious that Parliament decided to take strong measures to stop it, but—
incredible as such stupidity and injustice seem!—

instead of punishing the selfish landowners who had made all the trouble, they punished the unemployed, making being out of work a crime, and one to be punished with the utmost severity.

Naturally such unjust laws did no good—how could they?—but only served to increase the miseries of the peasants. Often the peasants here and there had been driven to useless outbursts of revolt, tearing down the hedges and filling up the ditches—which was very much the worse for themselves, but at last, in 1549, the men of Norfolk, declaring ‘We can no longer bear so much, so great, and such cruel injury, we will rather take arms and mix heaven and earth together than endure so great cruelty,’ found a strong leader, who organized their uprising into a real rebellion.

This champion of the oppressed was Robert Kett, who as he was the owner of three manors might himself, had he chosen, have become one of the ‘engrossers’ of small holdings and enriched himself at the expense of the yeomen on his land, but who instead felt for them so deeply that he preferred to throw in his lot with theirs, saying ‘I am willing to spend, not only my goods, but my very life, so dear to me is the cause in which we have embarked’—which was the cause of justice and mercy.

The news that one of that very class of landowners against whom they had risen had thus enlisted himself on their side was a tremendous encouragement to the rebels, a thousand of whom joined Robert Kett and his brother William at Wymondham, where they issued a declaration of their terrible wrongs and their resolution to right them, called the ‘Peasants’ Complaint’.

Kett then led them to Norwich, thousands of peasants flocking to join him as he marched. Thomas Cod, the Mayor of Norwich, described as 'a harmless man,' in his alarm at seeing an army coming down upon his town, tried to bribe the rebels to disperse with offers of money but was merely jeered at by the peasants, who were in grim earnest, and permission to pass through Norwich being refused, Kett anxious to keep the peace as long as possible, pitched his great camp on Household Heath outside the city, where before many days were over his army had increased to twenty thousand.

Their demands were most moderately expressed, they asked for little more than freedom 'We pray that all bondmen may be free for God made all free by His precious blood-shedding.' They seem at first neither to have done, nor intended to do, any violence, but merely to have meant to remain in arms until Protector Somerset, upon whom Kett relied, should be able to right their wrongs, when during the rising free pardon was often offered to all—except Kett—who would return home, they always answered that pardon was for those who had done wrong, and that they had only tried to help the king to carry out his own laws.

Kett's management of his Household Heath camp and the way in which he kept control of those twenty thousand desperate men, was masterly. Under a tree which he called the Oak of Reformation he held court and gave orders, and although he gave authority for the seizing of arms and food from the landowners, he sanctioned no bloodshed and there was none. Court martials were held, and justice administered, under the

oak, and chaplains (among them Matthew Parker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) held daily prayers and preached to the peasant army

Kett had hoped for the sympathy of the Norwich citizens, but the rich merchants cared nothing for the cause of the peasants, only for the safety of themselves and their goods, and although they urged the town officials to keep on good terms with the army on Mousehold Heath, it was only to gain time for the armed assistance, for which they had sent in all haste, to arrive from London

For a while there was peace—though somewhat in the tense nature of an 'armed truce'—between the army and the town, but after a time fighting broke out, and the peasants, having swum the river and forced an entry at Bishopsgate, took possession of the city. But Kett, having got what he wanted, which was nothing more than a free passage for his stores, retired again to the camp on Mousehold Heath, taking with him as prisoners Mayor Cod and some aldermen, while the delighted peasants shouted in derision 'Oyez! Oyez! As many as will come to the camp to-morrow shall buy a Cod's head for a penny!' It is likely that they really expected the mayor would lose his head, but Kett allowed no harm to be done to any of his prisoners.

But at this point the Marquis of Northampton arrived with a small army consisting mostly of Italian mercenaries—and their arrival acted as a 'last straw,' for it seemed to Kett too much to be borne that foreigners should be hired to put down English peasants who were but standing out for their rights, and that the time had

come to strike. The army on Household Heath poured down the hill, swam the river, and attacked the city, and although for a time they were beaten back, by noon next day Northampton and what remained of his mercenary army were in full flight for London, and Kett in possession of the town.

The terror of the inhabitants at finding themselves in the power of the furious revolutionary they supposed Kett to be may be imagined, but they need have had no fear. There were no executions, and except for a little looting here and there, there was scarcely any pillaging or violence—which, when we come to consider that Kett's army consisted, not of disciplined soldiers, but of untrained desperate peasants, excited by victory, seems a remarkable tribute to the way in which he and his officers handled their men.

For three weeks Kett held the city, during which time he sent out messengers all over England asking and offering help; it was the supreme moment of opportunity when, had they but seized it, the peasantry might have freed themselves from their oppressors and Kett's dream—that of a better and happier England, for he had no selfish aims in the struggle—might have been realized.

But the great and golden opportunity was lost. The peasants had no more leaders such as Kett, and Protector Somerset, whose openly expressed sympathy had led them to count on his help, felt that he could not encourage the raising of an armed force.

A fresh army, including heavy guns and a regiment of German mercenaries, was sent to Norwich under the Earl of Warwick, who on his arrival was implored by

the burgesses to go back, for if he were defeated like Northampton what would become of themselves? But Warwick, a thorough soldier, took no notice of their cowardly entreaties beyond assuring them contemptuously that he was there to put an end to the rebellion and meant to do it

He began by sending a herald to offer once more a free pardon to all, except Kett, who would disperse quietly, but during the parley an incident occurred which stirred up fresh rancour (a boy who rudely interrupted was mercilessly shot), and the pardon was rejected, possibly Kett and his men surmised what it was likely to be worth!

Then Warwick's soldiers took possession of one half of the city while Kett's peasants held the other, and fighting went on at intervals for some days, for Warwick dared not attack Mouschold Camp without the hired German soldiers to help him

By the time they arrived, the peasants, having captured Warwick's artillery, felt themselves conquerors. Moreover, they were excited also (naturally enough, in those superstitious old days) by an ancient prophecy which ran.

The country gnoffes, Hob, Dick, and Hick,
With clubs and clouted shoon,
Shall fill the vale of Dunnis Dale
With slaughtered bodies soon,

for they were too simple to see that the rhyme might have two meanings, and so confident were they, that they were rash and foolhardy enough to leave the stronghold of Household Camp and risk going down into the meadows

It was a fatal move. The German mercenaries, ordered by pitiless Warwick to treat the peasants 'not as men but as brute beasts,' fired a fearful volley and then charged, sweeping the untrained yokels before them and mowing them down, so that they did indeed fill the vale of Dunn's Dale with their own dead. The rebellion ended in utter and hopeless defeat, and with it all hope for the peasantry was likewise over.

Then followed a time of dreadful retribution. No mercy was shown to the beaten peasants, and the Norwich burgesses, forgetful of how generously Kett had spared and guarded them when it was he who had the upper hand, cried out for more and more executions, until even grim Warwick asked them sternly if there were no place for pardon?

Robert Kett himself was taken very soon after the battle—indeed seems to have scarcely attempted to escape, quite possibly—seeing the man he was—he may have preferred to throw in his lot with his men up to the bitter end, and to share their fate. He was condemned to death, as was his brother also and thus did indeed come to give, as he had declared himself so willing to do 'not his goods only, but his very life,' for the cause so dear to him.

The whole rising lasted only six weeks, and ended in utter and tragic failure. But it is doubtful whether, in all the centuries between our own day and that of the ancient Britons, any other six weeks in the book of English history can show so clean a page of simple, illless heroism.

'WATER! WATER!'

(*Story of Sir Philip Sidney and the story of the burgher of Flensburg*)

IN a temperate climate like ours, where the water-supply is generally so steady and regular that we are more apt to grumble at the rain than to be grateful for it, it is hard for us to imagine all that water means to people who live in hot countries where it is a precious scarcity. There is hardly any suffering more terrible than thirst—not the ordinary, trifling thirst of our own experience, such as comes from getting hot over a strenuous game, but the real, burning, torturing thirst such as wounded men lying out on parched plains, or explorers lost in arid places, know, and there can be few moments of joy and relief more intense than that known by the desert traveller who finds that the green oasis towards which he has made his weary way is not, as he feared it might be, a mocking mirage, but a blessed reality!

Solomon's saying, 'Stolen waters are sweet,' shows us how differently water is regarded in places where it is rare enough to be bought and sold in small quantities—and considered worth stealing, and sometimes water has had a value of another kind, when it has been felt to be too precious even to drink. King David, when some of his devoted soldiers, having heard him sigh in

the hot arid wastes of Palestine for the 'water of the well of Bethlehem,' broke through the ranks of the Philistines to fetch him some from that actual spring and bore it back to him through the enemy's lines, exclaimed, touched to the heart Shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy?' knowing the risks they had run for his sake to get it—and instead of drinking the water, he made of it a holy sacrifice and poured it out before the Lord'

Like everything else which gives opportunity for self-sacrifice, thirst has led to many beautiful acts of heroism and among them there is none we English people think of so instinctively as that connected with one of our own heroes, Sir Philip Sidney

He may well be a national hero, for in all the records of our history we find few more knightly figures or more perfect gentlemen He was courtier as well as scholar, scholar as well as soldier, and that he was not only an accomplished verse maker, as it was the fashion for gentlemen of his day to be, but a true poet, one enchanting little verse of his will suffice to show

My true love hath my heart and I have his,

By just exchange one for another given,

I hold his dear and mine he cannot miss—

There never was a better bargain driven

My true love hath my heart and I have his

But it is neither by his poetry, nor his learning, nor his soldiering, that he is best remembered, but by one simple little incident which took place just before his death, when he had been fatally wounded in the fighting at Zutphen, and was riding slowly back, sitting his

horse as best he might with a mortal hurt in his thigh, about to relieve his own terrible thirst with a draught of water, he heard one of his men, wounded and dying, crying out for drink, and ordered that the water should be given to him instead, saying simply 'His necessity seemeth greater than mine'—words which have been quoted ever since as those of a selfless hero.

But we must not fall into the patriotic mistake of fancying that it is only the British who do such things. The Danes have their own Sir Philip Sidney, in the person of a burgher of Flensburg, whose knightly deed was not only strikingly similar to Sidney's, but might be said to be even nobler, for whereas Sir Philip Sidney sacrificed himself to one of his own men, the great-hearted Dane's service was done to an enemy.

The incident occurred after a battle in the war between Denmark and Sweden, 1652-60, when the Flensburg citizen, who had been slightly wounded in the action, was about to retire to what we should now call the 'dressing-station' to have his hurts attended to. He very likely looked at that moment, preparing to refresh himself, before leaving the field, with a deep draught of beer from a wooden bottle, a most unromantic figure of a stout, middle-aged, jolly-looking burgher, and yet he was about to do a deed which ranks him with the knight we count a pattern of English chivalry.

For as he was about to drink, he heard an imploring cry from a wounded Swedish soldier lying near by. He was one of the enemy, but no matter that!—he was also one of the wounded. Forgetful of his own thirst, the kindly burgher hastened to him, and saying,

almost in Sidney's very words Thy need is greater than mine knelt down by his fallen foe to give him drink—and was rewarded by a shot in the shoulder from the pistol of the thankless and treacherous Swede

Rascal! he cried, starting up, I would have befriended you, and you would murder me in return! Now I will punish you I would have given you the whole bottle but now you shall have only half!

So saying, like a mischievous teasing schoolboy, he very deliberately and with great gusto took a draught of the beer under the longing eyes of the Swede—and then gave all that remained to the treacherous enemy who had just tried to kill him!

The story came to the ears of the King of Denmark Frederick III, who sent for the burgher and asked him why he had spared the life of such a traitor

'Sire,' was his simple answer 'I could never kill a wounded enemy'

It is pleasant to know that Frederick was himself high minded enough to see the greatness of the honest, good natured burgher Thou meritest to be a noble! he declared and forthwith created him one, giving him as his armorial bearings a wooden bottle pierced with an arrow!

Hunger has sometimes given rise to deeds of self sacrifice as fine as those associated with thirst There is for instance, a delightful story of how, during the Peninsular War about 1811, when food supplies were very low and the soldiers half starving, a cavalry officer Captain Light having managed somehow to obtain possession of what at that time seemed more

precious than its weight in gold—a whole loaf—without eating one slice of it himself, hungry though he was, rode off twenty miles over the mountains to a house at the village of Condeixa where his comrades, the brothers Napier, were lying wounded, and on reaching it, evaded all fear of any generous protests or rejection by simply tossing the loaf into the room where the wounded officers were, and rode straight back without waiting to be thanked. Surely he too had said, in act if not in words. 'Thy necessity is greater than mine,' and may rank with Sir Philip Sidney!

A flask of water—a bottle of beer—a loaf of bread, humble, commonplace objects enough, all of them—and yet—

And yet, seeing how they were given, and for what acts of purest chivalry they stood, any one of the three might well have been, as the wooden bottle actually was, emblazoned on a knightly shield!

FOR THE HONOUR OF ENGLAND

(Story of Sir Richard Grenville)

IN these modern days, when, as a sequel to the Great War of 1914-18, we have come, instead of worshipping Mars the war-god as people once did, to loathe war and look on it as the dreadful dragon which St George of to day, meaning the Youth of the nations, has got to destroy one hesitates to write about the story of a battle as a 'golden deed,' because it seems too much like a glorification of fighting, yet the history of Sir Richard Grenville and his desperate fight off Flores is such an epic of English courage that we may include it, especially if we bear in mind that it happened in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and that it had never occurred to the Elizabethans to think of war in itself as something to be got rid of.

But Sir Richard Grenville looked upon fighting as a perfectly natural part of those stirring adventurous times, in which he and his particular set of friends, such as Raleigh and Drake, were the outstanding adventurers; what he wanted to put an end to was not war itself, but the menace of Spain and to what lengths he was prepared to go to uphold the honour of England against the Spaniards he was to prove for all time on the last day of August 1591, when his ship the *Revenge*, together with six others, the *Defiance*, the *Bonaventure*, the *Lion*,

the *Foresight*, the *Crane*, and the *Raleigh*, accompanied by some supply ships or 'victuallers,' was riding at anchor near Flores, one of the Azores, and news was brought to Lord Howard, the commander, of the approach of a large Spanish fleet, which indeed hove in sight almost as soon as the tidings were received.

It was a most unfortunate moment for the English ships to be caught, for there was much sickness among the sailors, so that only about half the crews were capable of service, and many of the still sound men were on shore in quest of ballast, water, and other necessities, and the Spanish fleet, having been hidden from sight by the islands, appeared so suddenly that there was scarcely time to weigh anchor.

The last to do so was Sir Richard Grenville, as he waited to take on board the men upon the island, with the result that he could not recover the wind as the other ships had done, but was urged by the ship's master and others to cut his main-sail, cast about, and trust to the sailing of the ship, since the squadron of Seville were on his weather-bow. But he was not to be persuaded to turn his back upon the enemy, declaring he would rather die than so dishonour himself, his ship, and his country, and maintaining that he would force his way through the squadrons. 'But the other course had been the better,' Sir Walter Raleigh, telling the story of the battle, afterwards wrote, 'and might right well have answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind he could not be persuaded.'

He did indeed force a passage past the nearest of the enemy ships, but then received a check which stopped him as effectually as though he had cast anchor amongst the enemy—for a huge, towering Spanish ship, the *San Philip* looming down upon him, so screened the little *Revenge* from the wind that her sails were becalmed and she could no longer answer to the helm, and while she lay thus stranded, four other Spanish ships drew in upon her, two on either side. Despite these heavy odds, it was not long before the *Revenge* had given the great *San Philip* such a reception that, wrote Raleigh, she 'shifted herself with all diligence from her sides utterly misliking her first entertainment.'

It must be borne in mind that not only were the Spanish ships very much larger than the English, so that we were overmatched by size as well as numbers, but also they were filled with companies of soldiers—in some ships there were as many as eight hundred—whereas in ours there were none at all, but only the sailors, the servants of the commanders, and a few gentlemen volunteers but none the less, the unequal fight, beginning about three o'clock in the afternoon, continued with great fury all night.

After a prolonged interchange of shots the Spaniards attempted to board the *Revenge*, but in spite of their superior numbers were driven back again and again. Early in the fight one of the victualling ships, the *George Noble*, drew near and asked for orders but Sir Richard told the captain to save himself and leave the *Revenge* to her fate.

What that must be in the end seemed certain, for as

fast as the Spanish ships which tried to board her were beaten off others took their places; there were never less than two great galleons attacking her at once, and before morning she had been assailed by no less than fifteen, yet so good an account did the one little English ship give of herself against them, that all, wrote Raleigh, 'so ill approved their entertainment, as they were, by the break of day, far more willing to harken to a composition, than hastily to make any more assaults or entries'

But by that time the *Revenge* was in desperate case. From the beginning she had had no more than one hundred fighting men on board (the remaining ninety being ill) who had had to repel the bombardment and boardings of fifteen great warships, besides the attacks of others from a greater distance, and now forty of her best men were killed, and most of the rest wounded, while all her pikes were broken, and all her powder, to the last barrel, used up, her masts had been beaten overboard, her tackle cut asunder, and nothing in fine was left to her, either for escape or for defence, whereas the enemy on the contrary were always well supplied with soldiers and had any amount of arms and powder.

But even at that pass—with his ship drifting helpless, unarmed and disabled, amid an unbroken ring of enemy ships, and although he himself had since before midnight been desperately wounded—Sir Richard, though he knew further resistance to be impossible, had no thought of surrender. Instead, he sent for his master gunner, and gave him the famous order—to

split the *Revenge* and sink her—that the Spaniards, who in fifteen hours fight and with more than ten thousand men and fifty-three warships, had yet been unable to take her, should not at the last do so, urging all who remained, and had fought so valiantly, that they should now 'yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else' and not, for the sake of prolonging their own lives allow the Spaniards any victory, however poor and dearly bought, and so lessen their country's honour

The master gunner, and several other like minded men willingly consented, but the captain and the master, pointing out, in reply to Sir Richard's insistence that they should not, having resisted so long, allow the Spaniards the glory of capturing an English ship, that the *Revenge* had already six feet of water in her hold and was altogether in such a state that she could never be removed from that place but must needs sink soon in any case and entreated Sir Richard to come to terms, seeing that there were brave men on board whose wounds were not mortal and who might live to do their country further service. While the matter was still being discussed—Sir Richard refusing to be persuaded by any arguments, but the captain winning most of the rest over to his side—the master of the *Revenge* was taken on board one of the Spanish ships for a parley and the Spanish commander who seemed greatly to honour Sir Richard Grenville for his wonderful valour, proved very ready to agree to terms (for indeed the Spaniards had had more than enough of that fight and feared that should they attempt to

board the *Revenge* again, Sir Richard might blow them up, together with himself and his ship), and agreed that surrender should entail no executions, imprisonment, or sending to the galleys, but that all the survivors should be spared and sent back to England, the richer among them only paying a reasonable ransom.

When this answer was brought them, most of the men on board the *Revenge* became eager to accept the chance of life and liberty it offered (although the master gunner, in his horror of surrender, had to be forcibly kept from killing himself with a sword), and some, fearing what Sir Richard might do, slipped away, on boats sent by the Spaniards, and boarded other ships. The Spanish general, Don Alfonzo Baçan, sent a message urging Sir Richard Grenville to leave the *Revenge* (which was become like a slaughter-house), and he, seeing himself overmastered, wearily told those about him to do what they pleased with his body, for he cared nothing for it, swooned as he was being carried from the ship, and reviving asked the company to pray for him.

Tennyson, in his thrilling poem about the *Revenge* (which you must not fail to read) tells how the Spanish officers received their valiant English foeman—how they ‘praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace,’ and how Sir Richard made them answer:

‘I have fought for Queen and faith, like a loyal man and true,
I have only done my duty, as a man is bound to do
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!’

and die he thus did, for the glory of England, and 'the comfort that remaineth to his friends,' Sir Walter Raleigh wrote is that he hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country and of the fame to his posterity, and that being dead, he hath not outlived his own honour'

'STAND AND DELIVER!'

(*Story of Grizel Cochrane*)

THE tale of how a young girl turned highwayman, held up His Majesty's mails on the broad highway, and stole her father's death-warrant, sounds, in spite of the saying about truth being stranger than fiction, so wildly improbable that one is inclined to take it for granted as part of the plot of a boy's adventure-story, but no—it is plain fact, and no more than the simple historical record of what a Scotch lassie, Grizel Cochrane of Ochiltree, did actually do, in the year 1685.

Her father, Sir John Cochrane, had been one of the supporters of Argyll's insurrection, and when the rebels had been beaten at Muirdykes, had disbanded his few men and fled for hiding to the house of his uncle, Gavin Cochrane of Craigmuir, only to be informed against by the uncle's wife, with the result that he was seized, taken to Edinburgh, and flung into the Tolbooth, the old State prison long since pulled down, where, after being tried for high treason and condemned to death, he lay awaiting the coming of the warrant for his execution.

The one hope lay in an appeal made by Sir John's father, the Earl of Dundonald, to the king's confessor, Father Peters, who was known to have great influence; but it was only a very faint hope, for what time would

there be to press that appeal and exert that influence, before the death warrant so soon expected should arrive?

No time—no time! That was the thought which haunted and tortured Grizel Cochrane, when day after day she went to visit her father in the grim old Tolbooth as after his condemnation she had been given leave to do, and felt that with the passing minutes the last sands of his precious life were running out. All was not yet lost, there was still the appeal, if only there were but more time to make it there might yet be hope. If only the coming of the warrant could be delayed!

And at last, out of her desperation, there came to Grizel an idea—a scheme simple enough, but withal so wildly daring that she confided it to no one, for fear her plan should be foiled and a stop put to her intended proceedings, by friends who would be horrified at the risks she proposed to run. She dared not even tell her father lest though his own life was at stake he should in fear for her safety utterly forbid her to do what she had in mind, she let him account for her absence, for the cessation of her visits to him, by believing her gone to sue for his pardon, and, asking help or advice from no one, set out alone—stealing away before day break when there was no one to see her go—on her perilous adventure.

Her first need was to cross the border, and as she had no wish to be recognized, and as moreover such a journey would have been in those rough days, a highly dangerous one for a young lady of wealth and station

to make alone, she dressed herself as a young serving-woman, and so attired, and giving any one to whom she was obliged to speak to understand that she was journeying on a borrowed horse to see her mother, she rode on unmolested, crossed the Tweed, and on the second day reached her first goal, the cottage home of her old nurse, four miles beyond Berwick.

To her the girl confided her extraordinary plan, just as in her nursery days she had been wont to make her childish confessions and tell her nurse all about her 'make-believe games and little secrets. She knew that in those times the mail from London took eight days on its journey to Edinburgh, and that the postman must be even then riding on his way—'Haste! Post-haste!'—with the warrant for her father's death, by possessing herself of which she could count on a delay of sixteen or seventeen days or more before another could be signed and sent to Edinburgh, and thus gain time for friends in London to use all their influence in her father's favour, and she meant to have that warrant, if to obtain it she had to turn highwayman and, garbed in the clothes of her foster-brother Donald, hold up the postman at the pistol's point.

We can imagine with what protests and exclamations the poor bewildered old nurse, however well used she may have been to her ex-charge's high-spirited tomboyish ways (for Grizel in her schoolroom days must surely have been something of a madcap!), may have interrupted the telling of what must have seemed to her so hare-brained and outrageous a scheme! But strong-willed Grizel had her way, and the clothes she had

And their hopes were fulfilled—for the time gained by the capture of the warrant was used to such good purpose by Lord Dundonald (who bribed the king's confessor with £5 000 to plead the rebel's cause) that finally an order was signed for Sir John's pardon. Thus the story of Grizel Cochrane, highwayman—or rather woman—had a happy ending.

Afterwards she married, and became Grizel Ker, and if we cannot add in the words of the old fairy tales, that she 'lived happily ever after'—for we do not know the later history of her life—at least we can say with certainty that she had the supreme happiness of having saved her father, and that she lived to be (when after the Revolution men dared to speak more freely of what deeds had been done) honoured as one of the heroines of Scotland.

'BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE'

(Story of Flora Macdonald)

THERE IS another Scottish lass who may be considered to stand side by side with Grizel Cochrane for daring and enterprise, and that is Flora Macdonald, famous for having rescued, not her father, but her future king, as she at least believed him, although many people called him 'the Young Pretender,' thinking that his claim to the throne after his father was not valid. She was a brave girl—a worthy descendant of bold Highland chieftains, and although, if we include her among our heroes and heroines in this book, we may feel that her plucky exploit hardly entitles her to rank with such wonderful selfless people as, for instance, Florence Nightingale or Dr Barnardo, still she stands out as a fine romantic figure, against her background of the blue mountains, rugged heathery crags, and foaming rivers of her native Highlands.

Her great chance came to her in the year 1746, the year after young Charles Edward Stuart, grandson of the exiled James II who had been ousted from his throne by William III, laid claim on behalf of his father to the crown of England, then worn by George II, and tried to take it by force. The Stuarts being of Scottish descent, their cause naturally found many

supporters in Scotland, when Charles landed there on his arrival from France, where he had been living as a refugee but although he soon collected a small army there his campaign did not last long, he got no further into England than Derby, was then forced by his own people to retreat, and on 23rd January 1746 was hopelessly defeated at the battle of Culloden Moor.

The young prince had taken his full share of the dangers of the battle had vainly tried to rally his troops, and when finally forced to retreat, dismissed the party of horsemen who were with him with orders to bid the fugitives meet again at Ruthven, and retaining only a handful of followers, fled to the residence of his friend Lord Lovat at Gortuleg.

But there he obtained neither help nor counsel—nothing but a little food—so he rode on to the castle of the Laird of Glengarry at Invergarry, where he received temporary housing and a good meal—not guessing that his unfortunate host would pay, for having sheltered him, the price of having his mansion destroyed by the soldiers of George II.

He next took refuge in the West Highlands at the village of Glenbeisdale, near his landing place, from whence, in despair over his defeat, he sent a message to such of his followers as should gather at Ruthven according to his orders telling them that, deeply grateful though he was for their faithfulness and gallantry, he must now bid them look to themselves, while he returned to France, in the hope of there finding succour with which soon to return.

He was now simply a beaten fugitive trying to escape,

and fled first to the isles of the Hebrides, hoping to find a French ship on their coast, and at length, after enduring many hardships and misfortunes, reached South Uist and was received by Clanranald, one of his first followers, who, though still true, could do no better for him than afford him the shelter of a forester's rude hut on the wild mountain of Corradale—for all likely hiding-places, and most especially the islands, even as far as the furthest-most of all, St Kilda, were being strictly searched by the Government.

General Campbell, who had conducted the search at St Kilda, on his return landed on South Uist, meaning to look through the Hebrides from south to north, only to find that there 'the hunt was up' already, for both Macdonald of Skye and Macleod of Macleod were engaged in the same service, as was also a strong force of regular soldiers.

With about two thousand men scouring the islands for him, and their shores surrounded with armed boats, the fugitive prince seemed as hopelessly cut off from all chance of getting away as a king 'stale-mated' in a game of chess, and that he did in spite of all escape was due entirely to the help of Flora Macdonald.

She was at that exciting time on a visit to the Clanranalds, to whom she was related, at Ormaclade, in South Uist, and although her own stepfather was one of the Macdonald clan, an enemy to the Stuarts, and in command of some of the soldiery on the island, she herself proved a staunch Jacobite, as the supporters of James II and his descendants were called—and how indeed can we wonder? What young girl (and she was

no more) could have failed to be dazzled by the glamour of story-like drama which surrounded Charles Edward Stuart, and attracted by someone who seemed to have stepped so straight out of the pages of the romances of chivalry as this Prince Charming in disguise (for 'Bonnie Prince Charlie, as his followers called Charles, was a handsome youth, with gallant and graceful manners')—this prince whose palace was a forester's rough hut—this hunted fugitive in the kingdom to which he was heir, so forlorn and homeless that he was known as 'the Wanderer'? Her instinct of loyalty, her warm-hearted womanly pity, her girlish love of romance, her high-spirited liking for adventure—and perhaps, for aught we know, her 'maiden fancy'—were all alike touched to the quick by the princely refugee, and flinging to the winds the fact of her stepfather's being of the opposite party, Flora enlisted herself and her services, heart and soul, on the side of the Young Chevalier.

Setting her quick wits to work, she soon thought out a plan, and having obtained from her stepfather a passport for herself and two servants, one male and one female she proposed to the Chevalier that he should attempt to make his escape by the simple and daring means of dressing up in female clothes and passing himself off as her woman-servant, 'Betty Burke'.

It seemed a rash enough adventure—but 'needs must when the deil drives'—and although we gather that Charles was no very brilliant amateur actor nor particularly skilled in the art of 'make-up' (for we are told that his awkward and ungainly appearance in woman's attire more than once attracted dangerous

attention), he managed by the help of his disguise to reach Kilbride in the Isle of Skye. Many boys and girls may be familiar with the well-known song:

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing—
‘Onward!’ the sailors cry—
Carry the lad that’s born to be king
Over the sea to Skye

But even there the danger was by no means over, for Skye was in the territory of Sir Alexander Macdonald, who was in the service of the Government, and therefore of course a deadly enemy of the Chevalier.

Caught, like someone in a house on fire who sees the firemen holding out a blanket far below and realizes that, dangerous though it may be, there is only that one way out, Flora in this emergency had the courage to make her leap, she went straight to Lady Margaret Macdonald and, staking all on her trust in the latter’s womanly tender-heartedness and suspicion of her Jacobite leanings, boldly confided to her the startling truth about her disguised attendant.

The poor lady was naturally aghast, knowing her husband, although fortunately absent at the moment, to be strongly against the Young Pretender, and having her house full of officers of the militia. But Flora’s trust had not been misplaced, she had not the heart to betray the fugitive she had so completely at her mercy, and told Flora that he might be safely committed to the care of the land steward, Macdonald of Kingsburgh.

Accordingly Flora Macdonald and her royal protégé—the latter still in disguise—set off for Kingsburgh forthwith and not until she had seen the Chevalier safe at the steward's house did the loyal girl leave him. We can imagine with what fervent gratitude Charles must have parted from her!

His adventures were by no means over. He next retired to Rasa, and the country of the Laird of MacKinnon, disguising himself this time as the servant of his guide but although he suffered great privation he found no place of safety, and was at his own wish landed on the shore of Loch Nevis. But the mainland afforded him no better security for he was nearly captured by troops in the district, for fear of whose sentinels the Wanderer and his guides dared not for two days so much as light a fire nor cook their food.

Thus—homeless, ragged and often half-frozen and starving—the hunted and destitute claimant of a throne whose only hope was that of hearing of a French ship on the coast at length reached the mountains of Strathglass, where with his one companion Glenaladale he was forced to take refuge with some outlaws in their cavern where they lived upon the sheep and cattle they could steal but their crime was the political one of having been on the Jacobite side in the rebellion and recognizing the Chevalier despite his pitifully changed appearance they swore undying fealty to him and devoted themselves to his service one obtaining clean clothes for him by the exceedingly rough and-ready method of waylaying and killing an officer's servant on his way to Fort Augustus and stealing the

baggage he carried, while another ventured into the fort in disguise and brought back valuable information about the movements of the troops—and also, as a suitable dainty for his royal guest, a pennyworth of gingerbread!

Charles remained with these rough but faithful allies for about three weeks, at the end of which time he was helped in his escape by a touching instance of devotion. There chanced to have been in his late army an officer, Roderick MacKenzie, strikingly like him in appearance, who, being seen by some soldiers hiding among the braes of Glenmoriston, was mistaken by them for the prince, set upon, and killed; but—'faithful unto death'—he exclaimed in dying 'Ah, villains, you have slain your prince!' hoping thus to confirm their idea that he was indeed Charles Edward Stuart.

His ruse succeeded it was believed for a time that Charles was slain, and the search for him was relaxed, enabling the real Chevalier (who had with great difficulty persuaded the devoted outlaws to let him leave them, and took two of them with him as his guard and guides) at great risk and with much difficulty to join his faithful allies, Lochiel and Cluny Macpherson, with whom he lived for a time in a hut called the Cage, in a thicket on the side of the mountain Ben Alder, in what seemed by comparison with his previous experiences almost peace and plenty.

Finally he received the welcome news that two French frigates had arrived at Lochnanagh, to take him and other Jacobite fugitives back to France. He embarked, with Lochiel and nearly a hundred others, and landed

safely in Brittany after a campaign which had lasted little more than a year but had included an almost incredible series of adventures and with his name—one of the most outstandingly romantic in our history—will ever be associated that of the brave Hieland lassie, Flora Macdonald who helped him to escape

'HORS DE COMBAT'

(*Story of Anna Gurney*)

TRANSLATED literally, the French expression *hors de combat*, which has been used so frequently that it has come to seem almost like part of the English language, means 'outside of the battle,' and it is used in speaking of any one who is so disabled as to be unfit to take any share in whatever kind of struggle may be going on, and therefore, in our own phrase, 'out of it'

But it is refreshing to find how often the very people who seem to all appearances most hopelessly disabled and excusably *hors de combat* are actually the most determined on taking their part in the battle of life, and flatly refuse to remain tamely 'on the shelf,' where Fate appears to have put them, manage somehow to struggle off it and, despite the heavy handicap under which they labour, insist on doing their bit in the world—sometimes so successfully that their services are of far more value than those of most healthy and active people.

There can scarcely have been a more striking instance of this than that of Anna Gurney.

She was a crippled lady, living on the coast, at Overstrand, in the early part of the nineteenth century, and was unable from her babyhood to walk or stand, besides having all her life to suffer a great deal of pain. Her

brain however was as exceptionally active as her body was helpless for she was mentally a most gifted woman—a brilliant scholar and in particular a great linguist studying ancient as well as modern languages and in 1819 translating the *Anglo Saxon Chronicle*

Thus as her circumstances apart from her health were easy and comfortable—for the Gurneys were a wealthy family—she seemed altogether intended by Fate for the existence of a leisured student finding in what were for her with her scholarly mind the pleasures of learning compensation for all the other delights of life of which her invalid state deprived her and turning to her beloved books for solace in her constant sufferings

But it was an active as well as a studious life that crippled Miss Gurney led. The wheeled chair in which she moved herself about enabled her to be not only independent but helpful she would whisk it across the room not merely to fetch for herself any book she wanted off the library shelves instead of asking any one to get it for her but to fetch whatever she might notice that somebody else was in want of as quickly as she could have gone on her own two feet. Her learning too she was always ready to put at the service of others she would help schoolboys to prepare their Greek and Latin tasks managing to make their studies by her humour and originality thoroughly amusing and enjoyable (for she was not only a scholar, but the brightest and most entertaining of companions) and she also gave lessons of a simpler sort to the country children of the neighbourhood.

As for the older country people—who in that neighbourhood were mostly fisher-folk—her kindness and helpfulness to them was such that they looked upon her, not merely as their best friend, but as a sort of guardian angel or good fairy!

Nor was it merely her own friends and neighbours she tried to befriend. There were many wrecks on that dangerous part of the coast, and Miss Gurney not only provided, at her own expense, a lifeboat and life-saving apparatus for rescuing the shipwrecked, but when the storms came and these were called into service, she would actually have herself wheeled down to the shore in her invalid chair, in order that she might personally superintend the work of rescue, give orders, and see them carried out!

Just think of it—it's well worth thinking about! Try to picture this frail, crippled lady, seemingly one who in right of her fragility should be guarded from the slightest exposure or hardship, out at midnight in the teeth of a raging gale, screened from the howling wind and drenching rain only by such rude partial shelter as some rock or hut could afford, and, from her wheeled invalid chair, making herself the organizer and moving spirit of the work of rescuing the shipwrecked, and inspiring and encouraging the hardy fishermen she sent through the storm on their errands of mercy!

Moreover, when the good work was accomplished and the survivors of the wrecks brought safely on shore, it was Anna Gurney who then stood their friend in need, and it was at her home, North Repps Cottage, that they were sure to receive all the hospitality which their plight

demanded. Nor did her kindness stop at providing only for their needs of the moment. Indeed, so far was it from doing so that there came to be a saying along that part of the coast that it was worth while being shipwrecked to be taken in and sheltered by Miss Gurney.¹

Despite her lifelong ill health, she lived to be fully middle aged, though not to be old, and when she died, and her coffin was carried to the little seaside churchyard of Overstrand by rugged old fishermen, more than a thousand people came to her funeral, and one who was there declared he had never seen so many men weeping. *Hors de combat* though she had outwardly seemed those who had known and loved her knew that they would not look upon her like again.'

They are most refreshing people—these 'never-say-die' invalids—who somehow never seem to know when they are beaten. Who in the face of what anybody but themselves might well think hopeless obstacles somehow manage to rise triumphant, after the fashion of the musician Delius much of whose work was composed after he was blind and paralysed Sir Arthur Pearson and his men of St Dunstan's in their triumph over blindness, or the portrait painter Shannon, who after he became partially paralysed still continued to paint life-sized figures sitting before his canvases in a wheeled chair, though the strain was often torture.

For sheer triumph of courage over apparently hopeless physical disability there can scarcely since human life began have been a case to rival that of the wonderful American girl Helen Keller, who although totally blind, deaf and dumb has not only lived a full happy, and

interesting life, becoming not merely able to do things like reading by Braille or talking by means of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet but such a highly-educated woman that she actually took her degree in open competition with others who had all their senses, and who out of the unbroken darkness and silence which envelopes her has written books in which she has given inspiring messages to the world!

That, of course, is a case apart, which leaves one marvelling almost as much at those who taught her as at Helen Keller herself. But there are many more ordinary instances than hers, which are yet wonderful enough in their way, of people calmly defying lameness, illness, or some other bodily affliction, with almost incredible courage. The vast majority of such cases, of course, we know nothing about, such gallant fights being generally fought out in places like quiet sick-rooms where there is hardly any one to see or know about them, but every now and then some outstanding case like that of Anna Gurney comes to light, and gives us a chance to remember that people apparently *hors de combat* are in actual fact doing things which put the healthy and active, blessed with all their senses, to shame.

Only quite lately, for instance—in 1934—there appeared in the daily papers an account of a boy scout who as the result of serious injuries received in an accident had lain in hospital for two years, getting surely though slowly better, but having during the process of his gradual recovery to undergo one operation after another and endure tortures of pain, but who throughout his long and hard ordeal had shown such

dauntless unwavering pluck and cheerfulness that the upshot was his being awarded the medal for outstanding bravery which is accounted the highest mark a scout can win in recognition of the fact that while bad inside and on the sick list he had by the example he had set and by what he had done to keep up the reputation of scouts standard of courage achieved more and not less than his active comrades A special ceremony was held at the hospital to invest him with the decoration golden compensation indeed for all he had been through!

They are like what a famous poem calls the legion that never was listed —these inquenchable mounds whose flame burns so brightly that it simply refuses to be extinguished they are not listed for the world's active service they are supposed not to count they pityingly looked upon as *losers in combat*—and yet—

And yet remembering Anna Gurney and her like we should recollect that if we could peep behind the scenes and know more about the disabled we should sometimes find that we had not merely to acknowledge our equals but salute our superiors

*For the Legion that never was listed
Still shows us as good as ourselves!*

BEHIND BOLTS AND BARS

(Story of Elizabeth Fry)

THE family of Gurney can boast another name, fully as noble and far more widely known than that of the heroic, crippled Anna, for the maiden name of the famous Mrs Fry, to whose wonderful work we owe the reformation of our prison system, was Elizabeth Gurney.

She was born at Norwich in 1780, and as the child of a Quaker family was brought up from her babyhood in an atmosphere of earnestness and loving-kindness, although there was nothing narrow nor overstrict about her religious training—she was allowed plenty of harmless indulgences and social gaieties, and when she was nineteen or thereabouts was leading very much the ordinary life of any other healthy, pleasure-loving young girl with well-to-do parents, so that no one who met the young and charming Miss Elizabeth Gurney at balls or saw her riding gaily across country in her scarlet riding-habit would ever have been likely to guess that she was destined to be a great reformer.

But it happened about that time that a 'travelling Friend,' as Quakers who went about preaching were called, by name William Savery, came over from America and visited Norwich, and Elizabeth went with her family to hear him preach. His talk made a tremendous impression on her, Betsy, as she was called.

at home came now from the man in the mirror to show that henceforth she would lead a quiet & happy and altogether different life. From that time onwards she gave up her red riding habit and all the other frivolous of her pleasures and began to devote herself to the needy and poor & full.

At the age of twenty she married a Quaker gentleman and became Mrs. Fry after which for many years the claims of her growing family of children made it impossible for her as a busy wife and mother to give up very much of her time to social service although however possible she visited the poor and did all she could to help them. But it last came the day which marking in her life and which indeed was to mark in epoch in the social life of Europe—when she visited Newgate Prison.

In these more humane times when our prison system aims more and more at reforming prisoners instead of merely punishing them it is almost impossible to imagine such a shocking state of things as she found there for at that time our criminal laws were a black disgrace to England. The sentences imposed were so savage in their severity that people were condemned to death for offences no worse than smuggling or sheep stealing and to be sentenced to imprisonment was often worse than death so appalling were the conditions of prison life in the filthy and dilapiditated jails where the young and the old the innocent awaiting trial and those guilty of horrible crimes and even their little children were all herded together and left to the mercy of their rulers who were often brutal men as bad or worse than their

charges, and would not allow those who could not pay for them even the barest necessities of life.

Elizabeth Fry, when she visited the women's quarter, found what seemed like a scene in a horrible nightmare—hundreds of wild, half-clothed women fighting with each other like animals for the scraps of food or money which they were shneking to the people outside the barred windows to give them. The horror with which such a sight filled the warm-hearted, gentle-natured lady may be imagined, but the governor and other prison officials assured her that nothing could be done.

But Elizabeth Fry made up her mind that something must and should be done, and that instantly. She refused to believe that even criminals—who after all were human beings like herself—had no good left in them at all, and she began her efforts by appealing to the feelings of motherliness which she felt sure must be still in women prisoners, asking them if they would let her fit up an empty cell as a schoolroom, where the poor little children in the prison could find refuge, and giving them a week in which to make their decision. At the end of that time she came again—to be received with tears of joy and thankfulness.

She then set to work, with a band of other Quaker ladies, to provide clothes, education, and religious instruction for the women prisoners, and to keep order among them, planned for them a code of rules, under which they were to divide themselves into classes, each under a monitor, and bind themselves to work without swearing, fighting, or gaming, to all of which they wonderingly agreed. Within a month, the life of the

prison was completely transformed and soon all London was talking of the wonderful changes wrought in Newgate by the Quakeress Mrs Fry

In 1818 she was called upon to give evidence before a committee of the House of Commons where she explained her new ideal of making prisons places of reformation instead of revenge

She was now famous but fame to her was something only to be valued as it increased her power of doing good. She set herself to modify the laws of capital punishment and found after a time a strong ally in the great statesman Sir Robert Peel and she also turned her attention to bettering the lot of criminals who were transported to Botany Bay

She began by persuading the governor of Newgate to hire closed cabs instead of the open carts in which the women heavily fettered and sometimes chained together used to be driven to the docks a mark for the jeers and abuse of riotous crowds she herself followed them to the ships and when on board divided the women into classes and gave them work such as the making of patchwork quilts to occupy them during the voyage that they might not be left with nothing to do but curse and quarrel and tell each other about their crimes this was repeated with ship after ship and when the time came to sail she held solemn farewell services for the women who sobbed with grief because they would see her no more But although they were not to meet her again her thought and care followed them over seas where transported criminals were wont to be landed without money or proper clothing and not so

much as a hut in which they could take refuge,' even when they were, as too often happened, accompanied by their children, whom the authorities would not support. But Elizabeth Fry changed all that, she did not rest until she had obtained, through Lord Melbourne, better conditions for the women in the Australian convict settlements.

Her fame had now spread from England all over Europe, and eager to extend her great work beyond her own country, she set out on tours through France, Germany, Denmark, and other lands, visiting the prisons, asylums, and foundling hospitals, and afterwards toured in the same way through England and Scotland, and wherever she went she was honoured not only by statesmen, but by kings and queens. Years before, when she was but at the outset of her work, old Queen Charlotte had received her at the Mansion House, and in 1841 she was interviewed by the young Queen Victoria.

Believing in the truth of the old saying which declares that 'it is never too late to mend,' she aimed always at the improvement of prisoners, holding that punishment should be simply a means to an end, and that end not revenge, but reformation. She urged that useful employment should be found for prison inmates, realizing the bad effect on people's minds of idleness, and for the same reason she objected to the loneliness of solitary confinement (especially in dark cells) quite as strongly as she did to the other extreme of herding all classes of criminals together in one common room. She introduced order, discipline, and *thought* into the prison system, and

most important of all as she considered it to be the teaching of the Gospel to the prisoners

Like most reformers, Elizabeth Fry was often grossly misrepresented by people who misunderstood her, but nothing which could be said against her could ever make her relax her efforts or swerve from her great purpose, and even in the midst of the troubles which crowded upon her in her later years—loss of health, loss of money, and the death of many near relatives—she still heard ‘the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners’ to which others had been so deaf, and continued her labours of love for them to her life’s end.

She ranks now with the Lady of the Lamp as one of the greatest reformers the world has known. What the one did for the sick the other did for the prisoners. The work of Elizabeth Fry no more stopped at Newgate than that of Florence Nightingale did at Scutari just as the latter aimed at reforming not one hospital but nursing in general, so the former set herself to amend, not one prison, but the whole of the prison system and criminal law. All that the world owes to this quiet Quakeress can never be told but (although there is, of course, as with everything human, still room for improvement) any one who visits present-day prisons and observes their decency and humanity, and contrasts them with the horrible pictures drawn and told of prison life as it was before the time of Elizabeth Fry, may feel that it can be said of her, as of Christopher Wren in St Paul’s Cathedral Let those who seek her monument look around.

A portrait of Mrs Fry hangs in the church of the

women's prison in the town of Norwich where Elizabeth Gurney was born, and perhaps—who knows?—she may have been, in another branch of the Gurney family, an inspiration to the crippled Anna Gurney who, herself a prisoner in her 'prison-house of pain,' tried to do for shipwrecked mariners something of what Elizabeth Fry did for those who had suffered shipwreck in the storms of life.

THE VOLUNTEERS

(Story of James Moran and John Kissinger)

FROM the time when, as very little children, we first heard stories like that about Jack the Giant-killer, St George and the Dragon, or David and Goliath, we have all made heroes of the brave knights who went out to slay the dragons or conquer the giants, and we generally thought of the enemies they had to face as something or someone tremendously bigger and stronger than the knights themselves, like an enormous scaly griffin or a gigantic ogre.

Well, that being so, it is rather odd to reflect that some of the bravest deeds ever done in the world have been performed in a war which the 'gallant knights' of real life are waging against an enemy so small that he is only visible with the help of a microscope! For he is the Microbe, and numbers among his species some of the deadliest enemies of mankind.

And some years ago, when the germ-theory—the study of bacteriology—was still something new, away in Central and South America a battle-royal was raging, and the hunt was up' to good purpose, for there men of science were engaged in trying to discover the origin of one of the worst scourges of that part of the world—yellow fever.

Although its cause was at that time unproven, its effects were known all too well: so well, that 'Yellow Jack,' as the British sailors called it, was about the greatest dread of those who ventured on the African shores. Rudyard Kipling, in a speech to medical students, said, speaking of the power wielded by doctors and instancing a case 'You have only to fly a yellow flag over a city to turn it into a desert'—for that flag gives warning of the presence of yellow fever, and the reading of that signal sends men flying, literally for their lives.

Doctors and scientists were out in the thick of the fight, braving the terror and doing what they could, in particular there was one famous scientist called Dr Gorgas—but he and his helpers were working blindfold and fighting in the dark, for they did not know what was the root of the trouble.

At first Dr. Gorgas believed that yellow fever, like so many other diseases, might be due to dirt, and he set to work to organize a system of cleaning and draining and purifying, hoping in this way to get rid of the germs. But he found to his dismay that the cleansing and hygiene, so helpful in checking other kinds of sickness, seemed useless! People living in clean houses and well-drained streets appeared to fall victims to the dreaded illness as readily as those in the poorest and slummiest quarters.

Plainly, then, whatever the cause of 'Yellow Jack' might be, it was not simply dirt: but what was it? What could it be? Gorgas and his fellow-scientists were befogged and bewildered.

Then a strange theory was suggested to him by his friend and co-worker Dr Reed yellow fever was caused by the bite of a certain type of mosquito found in the locality

Many people would have laughed to scorn a suggestion which in those days might well have sounded absurd Gorgas did not laugh he was scientist enough to know that all things are possible but he pointed out that so long as the theory was mere guess work it was of little use Then Dr Reed made an offer typical of the gallant spirit of the medical profession

If you like I will put it to the test by letting myself be bitten by a mosquito If I fall you will know how to carry on without me

But this heroic offer could not be accepted for Dr Reed's life was too valuable to be spared while Dr Gorgas knew himself to be immune However two other and more obscure doctors were found willing to come forward and risk their lives the experiment was duly made and both fell victims to yellow fever But although Dr Reed's theory seemed to be supported it was still not proved for there was no certainty that the two martyrs to science might not have contracted the disease in some other way and meantime Yellow Jack was still ravaging unchecked

So in desperation the men of science did what seemed a queer and fantastic thing to do

They advertised for heroes

Surely no such strange advertisement had ever been published abroad—reminding one of the old nursery song Dilly dilly dilly dilly come and be killed!

But in all deadly earnest the message went forth
'You who are willing to give your lives that mankind
may be freed from the scourge of the yellow fever,
where are you?'

Then came suspense, and a grim waiting for the answer that might not come 'Where are you?' Where indeed? Were they anywhere? Seeing the dread with which the disease was regarded, was it probable that any one would be found ready to respond to such an appeal as that?

Shortly after, two unknown men appeared at the doctors' tent. They were just plain, ordinary-looking men—of the working class, strong, healthy-looking fellows, still in the prime of life. They gave their names as John Kissinger and James Moran, and they said—and we can imagine just how simply and naturally they said it—that they had come in answer to the doctors' call.

'You know what you are letting yourselves in for,' Dr Reed urged. 'You know that if you do this, you will most likely die.'

Yes, they quietly answered, they knew.

It must have been difficult for the doctor to know what to say. What Dr Reed did say was under the circumstances perhaps the most suitable 'Gentlemen, I salute you!' Standing, the scientist raised his hand in salutation to the two unknown, unlearned men.

After that, the two volunteers were isolated, and every precaution taken, until it seemed absolutely certain that in no possible way other than that of the

mosquito bite could they have picked up the germ of yellow fever, then, and only then, the experiment was duly made.

Three days later, the local hospital had to admit two fresh cases, 'Yellow Jack' had claimed yet two more victims, and Dr Reed's theory was proved.

Even now victory against the deadly enemy was by no means won but thanks to John Kissinger and James Moran it was at last in sight—for now the scientists had their facts to work upon and knew for certain in what direction they must aim. No longer were they groping in the dark after an unknown foe—they knew now that it was the mosquito upon which in the cause of humanity they had to make war, and fiercely they waged it.

To rid the country of such a pest was no simple matter, but by slow degrees—by tireless research and patient experiment—the scientists triumphed. They discovered the spawn of the mosquitoes, and how to destroy it, they found how much could be done, even in places where the insects were still rife by simple means such as mosquito netting to safeguard people, they found that mosquitoes were always attracted to water, and learnt not to leave it exposed. Bit by bit they gained the upper hand over the insect scourge and little by little, the ravages of the fever grew less.

Even now yellow fever is not absolutely wiped out but compared with the fearful havoc wrought by it in the old days, the toll it now takes of human life is almost insignificant. The volunteers who

answered the doctors' call saved countless lives by their sacrifice.

Surely, when we think of men like James Moran and John Kissinger, we can in our hearts echo the words of Dr Reed.

'Gentlemen, we salute you!'

'FIRE!'*(Story of Edward Tonzel)*

PLEASE to remember
The 5th of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot!

We all know that song, which little boys proudly carrying their 'guys' chant on Guy Fawkes Day in the hope of pennies, and if we are still, three centuries after the crime was committed, called upon not to forget that murderous attempt to blow up the Houses of Parliament, it is perhaps as well that we should also remember something finer connected with gunpowder—for instance what happened in Jersey on 4th June 1804, when a brave man risked his life, not to try to destroy a building, but to save one from being blown up.

There was no lack of powder in the Channel Islands, and there seemed every chance that it might be urgently needed, for those were the days of the Napoleonic wars, when English people living on or near the Channel coast lived in constant apprehension of a landing of the French soldiers on our shores, indeed at that very time flat bottomed boats, sufficient to carry the whole French army to England, were in readiness at Boulogne, the French commanders waiting for the 'cover' of a murky night, and little knowing that before next year was out, while they were still awaiting their golden

opportunity, Nelson by a crushing victory would have put it out of their power to use it and made Britain undisputed Mistress of the Sea.

But on that day—4th June—the gunpowder had been used for a more peaceful purpose, and the guns of the Jersey forts fired, not against the fleet or armies of Napoleon, but only as a royal salute in honour of the birthday of the reigning King of England, George III. On the stroke of noon every fort on the island had thundered out a loyal salutation, including the newly-built fort on the hill just above the town of St Helier, where were stored 209 barrels of gunpowder, together with a large supply of bombshells and other ammunition.

That same evening, Captain Salomon, the artillery officer in command at the new fort, went into St Helier to dine with his fellow-officers, prepared to drink a birthday toast to the king and be generally festive, comfortably conscious of having securely locked up the fort and taken the keys, and not anticipating any kind of disturbance, unless indeed there should be that alarm of the French coming which was always more or less expected.

But about six o'clock there was an alarm indeed, of quite another kind—for some soldiers on guard at the fort saw a cloud of smoke coming out of the air-hole at the end of the magazine where the gunpowder was stored!

At this horrifying sight, the sentries did what under the circumstances—knowing that the threatened explosion, which would be terrific enough to endanger the whole town of St Helier, must shatter them to pieces if they stayed too near the fort—was such a

perfectly natural thing to do that we can hardly blame them they ran away They retained, however, presence of mind enough to give the alarm, and shouted 'Fire!' as they ran

Their warning shouts were heard by Lieutenant Lys the signal officer, who happened to be in the watch-house on the hill, and who, coming out to see what was the matter, perceived the smoke and realized, as the sentries had done, the appalling danger it implied

Two carpenters—brothers, Thomas and Edward Touzel—had come up to the watch-house to take down a flagstaff which had been raised there that day that the flag might fly in honour of the king's birthday, and the lieutenant ordered them to hurry off to St Helier, one to inform the commander-in-chief, the other to get the keys from Captain Salmon

Thomas obeyed, and tried to persuade his brother to come with him, and leave the scene of the worst danger, but Edward replied that 'he must die some day or other, and that he would stay where he was and do his best to save the magazine'

He stopped two of the fleeing soldiers and urged them to stay and help one refused to do so, but the other, William Pontenoy told Touzel he was ready to die with him, and the two brave men shook hands on it

Edward Touzel then having got hold of an axe and a wooden bar, made a desperate onslaught on the wooden door of the fort, and succeeded in smashing it open Having thus broken into the fort, he made his way in, saw what was happening there, and shouted to Lieutenant Lys outside 'The magazine is on fire, it

will blow up, we must lose our lives, but no matter—huzza for the king!—we must try to save it'

Having so said, he rushed in among the flames, snatched up the already almost burnt-out matches (which were most likely splinters of wood tipped with brimstone) and hurled them out by armfuls to Lys and Pontenoy, who stood outside to seize them. They perceived near by some water in a cask, but had nothing to carry it in except an earthen pitcher and their own hats, but these, over and over again they filled and handed in to Touzel, who was thus enabled to put out all the fire he could see.

The smoke was, however, so dense that he knew he might easily overlook something burning, with fatal results, and he had to work on in half-darkness and horrible uncertainty, so nearly choked by the suffocating smoke that he had to call out to the others to give him some drink to help him endure the stifling atmosphere, the lieutenant handed him in some spirits and water, having drunk which Touzel worked on.

The beams over his head were on fire, and some large cases containing powder-horns had already caught, and it was possible that at any moment a burning brand might fall into an open barrel of gunpowder close by, and bring about the fatal explosion of which Touzel, while he toiled, must have been in constant expectation.

The alarm had now spread, and so soon as the officers heard the news, they were able to check the panic among the soldiers, and to bring fresh assistance to the fort.

But the would-be helpers—who might so easily have been too late—found when they arrived on the scene

of threatened disaster that all was over, thanks to Touzel's gallant efforts the last spark had been put out.

The gratitude and admiration of the garrison of the fort and the citizens of St Helier was expressed at a meeting at which a testimonial was voted to the three men who had so nobly, at their own risk saved a grim situation, in the form of a gift of £500 to Lieutenant Lys (who had a large family), of £300 to Edward Touzel and of a gold medal and a life annuity of £20 to William Pontenoy, who said he would rather have that than a 'lump sum,' as he wished to continue to serve in the army.

All three men were splendid, but the hero of that day was surely the civilian, Edward Touzel, who might well have maintained that the saving of the magazine was the soldiers' duty and not his, or that his business was to take the lieutenant's message, but had instead flung himself foremost into the thick of the fight against the deadly peril and voluntarily taken his chance of what seemed practically certain death.

So when next we hear boys hurrahing round their bonfires or chanting about Gunpowder Plot, on Guy Fawkes Day, let us remember, not only the 5th of November, but also the 4th of June 1804!

BABES IN THE WOOD

(Story of lost children)

It is not only grown men and women who have proved themselves worthy to rank as heroes and heroines—sometimes even quite young children (as for instance little ten-year-old Casabianca the midshipmite) have been known to do 'golden deeds'. Does one not see in the papers from time to time how some little boy has saved another from drowning or how bravely some little girl has behaved at a fire?

One such touching story of child heroism comes from Australia—a story which reminds us strongly of the old nursery favourite *The Babes in the Wood*, although happily with the difference that the real-life story did not, like the other, have a tragic ending.

It concerns the three little Duff children—two small boys of nine and five years of age, and their sister Jane, who came between them and was seven years old. Their father was a carpenter, and at the time of their adventure, which was the winter of 1864, they lived not far from Melbourne.

In that part of Australia there was a great deal of the uncleared forest-land which the Australians call 'the bush'—not pleasant green woodlands such as we who live in temperate well-watered England know,

with their beautiful variety of tree-life, but great desolate looking tracts of land, covered largely with queer blue-leaved gum trees, and nettle-trees, like overgrown stinging nettles—forests so drearily monotonous that it is terribly easy for travellers to be lost in them, and moreover so devoid of any kind of wild fruit such as blackberries, or of water, in that parched land of scorching droughts, that any one lost and wandering there is only too likely to die of thirst and starvation in his search.

One evening the little Duffs had been sent out into the bush to gather broom for some household purpose—probably to use as kindling. No doubt they were only supposed to go into the very edge of the forest where they would know their way and could easily get out but children are children all the world over—perhaps some particularly fine bits of broom lured them a little further and still a little further, or perhaps the sense of adventure tempted them to go deeper into the forest than they had ever been before and down paths they did not know. Anyhow time passed, and they did not come back.

We can picture the poor frightened mother going over and over again, with ever increasing anxiety, to the door of her cottage, to look for her children who should have returned but were not yet in sight, we can fancy her telling their father of her growing dread that they might be lost and how he may at first have tried to hush away her fear and not to let her see that he “critically shared it.”

But as time passed, neither could any longer hide,

either from themselves or from each other, the dread which was in both their hearts. Happily there are no devouring wild beasts in the Australian bush, as there are in the woods of Canada, so they were spared that horrible fear, but this was small comfort, for both knew that the danger of drought was almost as much to be dreaded.

In keenest anxiety the father went out into the forest and searched high and low, constantly calling 'Coo-ee!' which is the call of the Australian bush country, as the double vowel sound of 'oo' followed by 'ee' carries over long distances as no other would, but the whole night passed, and still there was no sign of his children. He roused up the neighbours, who, knowing the danger as well as he did himself, were ready enough to come to his help and join in the search, and day after day, and night after night, the search-party scoured the bush for the missing children, but to no avail.

At last, when a whole week had gone by and hope had given place to despair, Duff as a last resource did what, if he had only had the wisdom to do it sooner, would have spared so much both to him and to the children. Instead of relying on his own efforts and those of the friends who were only white colonists like himself, he turned for help to the only people who really could help him—the natives of the place.

Those of you who are scouts or guides are trained to observe keenly and know something of the art of 'tracking,' after the fashion of Red Indians, by noticing all sorts of little signs and tokens and using your intelligence in 'putting two and two together' about them,

but natives have a power of observation compared with which the closest 'noticing' of the white man seems blindness, and to them the tiniest indications, such as bent twigs or trodden grass, which the white would easily overlook, are like clearly-printed words on an open page.

Hence, when the native Australian bushmen Duff at last employed to find his children were taken into the forest, they picked up the trail almost at once. Stage by stage they followed the lost children's wanderings, and with no guide but their own wonderful perception were able to read not merely where they had been, but even what they had been doing, so much did the faintest little indentations in the ground, or slightest disarrangement of the leaves and twigs mean to them.

Picture the anxious colonists, obliged for once to own the much despised natives their superiors, and to follow where they led, imagine poor haggard Duff, hanging on their words which to him meant the fate of all his children. 'Here little one tired—sit down—big one kneel down—carry him along,' or again 'Here travel all night—dark—not see that bush—here fall on him, and after a while 'Here little one tired again—big one kneel down—no get up—fall flat on face.'

The children had been lost on a Friday afternoon, and a whole week had been spent by Duff and the other colonists in vain searching for them, but it was on the Saturday week—hardly more than a day after they had been employed—that the natives led Duff to a clump of broom beside which three child figures were lying.

It was something to the stricken father to have found

even the bodies of his children—for he had scarcely a hope of any of them being still alive, but as he approached, the eldest boy showed signs of life, and managed to half-raise himself, and to gasp out. 'Father!' before he sank back, and the little girl, though seeming scarcely alive, on being lifted up made a murmur of 'Cold—cold!'

But the youngest child—little five-year-old Frank—who was lying between the other two, with his sister's frock spread on him over his own clothes, woke up quite naturally, as if from a peaceful sleep. 'Father, why didn't you come before?—we were coo-eing for you,' he said.

It did not need the sight of what it was that served as a quilt to cover him, nor the memory of how the natives had said 'Here little one tired—big one carry him along,' to show how tenderly the sister and elder brother must have tried to shield and care for the 'baby' of their party all through their dreadful experience; the striking difference between little Frank's condition and theirs was in itself enough to prove how beautifully unselfish, in their last extremity, their behaviour must have been.

It now only remained to carry the children, and the glad tidings of their safety, back as fast as might be to the loving care of their mother.

On the way home, when they were being carried past the spots pointed out by the natives, the eldest boy was able to give an account of what had happened there, and throughout the whole adventure, which always agreed exactly with what the blacks had said—adding

that they had had only one drink of water (possibly from the 'pitcher plant' the cup of which holds water for many weeks) and had been entirely without food all the time.

In spite of what they had gone through all three children made a rapid recovery and although these poor little Babes in the Wood had had no tender-hearted robins to bring them leaves for coverings, they had what was still better—for the people of the colony were so touched by their story and especially at hearing how little Jane had covered her small brother with her own dress that a subscription was raised for him amounting to several hundred pounds.

That happened seventy years ago what a thrilling story when they were little those old people—
"Is there Jane or either of her brothers to be still alive?" must have to tell the present day children who are grand children!

UNDER ORDERS

(*Story of Casabianca and of the 'Birkenhead'*)

'OBEDIENCE is the first duty of a soldier'

We all know that saying, and we might well add to it 'or of a sailor,' for sailor-men—not only in the navy, but also in the merchant service—have again and again proved themselves fully as well-disciplined and obedient as soldiers, indeed not sailor-men only, but also sailor-boys! There is one striking instance—that of a little French midshipman, or 'cadet de vaisseau'—with which almost everybody is acquainted, although not every boy or girl who has had to learn by heart for recitation that almost too familiar poem beginning 'The boy stood on the burning deck,' realizes that Casabianca was a real boy who did really do all the poem says he did—and still less that he was only ten years old!

When, in 1914, the naval cadets at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth—lads of thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen, some of them in their first term at the college—were hurriedly mobilized and rushed off to the fleet, there was something of an outcry at their being sent to war so young, and *Punch* exclaimed

There are grey old Admirals in our land
Who never have stood where you now stand—
 Here on your feet,
 In His Majesty's Fleet,
 With a real live enemy close at hand!

But in Casabianca's day (which was that of the Napoleonic wars) little boys were, it seems, hurtled on to the battleships to face a 'real live enemy' when they were still only what in these days would be counted children, and yet no full grown man could have behaved more finely than did that little French 'snottie,' when during the Battle of the Nile the ship on which he served —*L'Orient*, on which his father was flag captain—caught fire, and Nelson, after the fashion of the British Navy, ordered out the boats to save as many of the enemy's lives as possible.

The English sailors rowed up close alongside, the French prepared to quit their doomed ship, and the officers called to the flag-captain's little son to come with them, but the boy refused to leave, saying that his father had stationed him where he was and bidden him not to move save at his call. In vain they told him the captain would never call him, as he lay on the deck mortally wounded and unconscious and warned him that the ship must shortly blow up when the fire reached the powder. Casabianca still declared that he must obey his father's orders.

Since stay he would, the boat put off without him, leaving him still on deck. One moment his child figure in its midshipman's uniform was seen by the wavering glare of the flame light, bending over the helpless one of his father and tying it to a spar of one of the shattered masts, the next, there was a terrific, thunderous explosion, and the blazing *Orient* went to pieces. The crew of one of the English boats which were picking up those who had jumped overboard in

time had a fleeting glimpse of two figures—one helpless and bound to a spar, the other, slight and boyish, swimming beside and guiding it—and rowed after them in all haste, but in the uncertain light lost sight of them, and they were never seen again. Midshipman Casabianca was not among the survivors, but foremost on the Roll of Honour of those who have died in bravely carrying out their orders.

It is this same spirit of unswerving discipline—of implicit obedience at all costs—which has animated soldiers and sailors throughout the centuries, and it was never more strikingly illustrated than when during the Kaffir War, the *Burkenhead* was wrecked in 1852.

She was a troopship which had sailed from Cork with a number of soldiers and their wives and children, and after landing some troops at Capetown was now, on the 25th of February, on her passage from Simon's Bay to Algoa Bay, carrying over 500 soldiers besides the ship's company of 132 men, and the women and children.

The night was clear, the sea smooth, and the land only a league away. There had been, during the evening, a brief consultation between the officer of the watch and Captain Wright of the 91st Regiment concerning a light they had seen on the port side, but they had agreed that it must be a lighthouse. All seemed peaceful and secure.

But towards two o'clock in the morning, when nearly all on board were down below and asleep in their berths, only the watch being on deck, there came without the slightest warning a thunderous crash and a horrible

grinding shock throughout the ship. She had struck with fearful force on a reef of sunken rocks a jagged mass piercing her through and letting in the water with a rush which instantly drowned the sleeping men in their hammocks on the lower deck.

The rest of the men and the officers thus rudely and terribly awakened came pouring up on deck—foremost among them the captain of the *Burkenhead* Mr Salmon a master in the navy who ordered the engines to be stopped the small bower anchor to be let go and the quarter and paddle box boats to be lowered.

There was no panic Captain Wright was asked to support the commander in whatever orders he thought fit to issue and Colonel Seton desired the other officers to keep perfect order and enforce silence among the men who from the first behaved in as quiet and orderly a manner as if on parade. As they appeared on deck they were silently mustered sixty told off in three reliefs were put to the chain pumps on the lower after deck sixty stationed at the tackles of the paddle box boats and all not required for active duty drawn up on the poop to ease the forepart of the ship which rolled heavily.

By order of the commander Cornet Bond of the 12th Lancasters had the troop horses brought up and pitched out of the first gangway some of them could be seen by the bright starlight swimming towards the shore line only two miles away. The cutter was made ready and when the horses had been dispatched the women and children (who under the general influence of steadiness had also been wonderfully quiet) were safely

lowered into it, and Mr Richards, the master's assistant, stood off with his boat about a hundred and fifty yards from the ship, which the engines had been working astern

Hardly had the cutter with the women and children got clear of the *Birkenhead*, when she struck once more, under the engine-room, another great chasm, and a fresh inrush of water, resulting the bow broke at the foremast, the bowsprit shot up towards the fore-top-mast, and the funnel went over the side, taking with it the starboard paddle-box and boat. The second paddle-box boat had been unluckily capsized while being lowered, and after the breaking of the forepart of the ship, the large boat in the centre could not be reached

Although not a quarter of an hour had yet elapsed since the ship had first struck, it was plain that she could not last more than a few minutes longer, all hope of keeping her afloat had been abandoned, and the water, rushing in through the breaches in her bottom, now put out the engine fires and drove the engineers and their assistants to the upper deck

The men told off to man the pumps were still resolutely keeping them working, useless though they knew their efforts must now be, and although many must have been drowned at their posts, while some of those who had remained, as ordered, at the tackles, were crushed by the falling of the funnel and mast

After the disaster of the funnel going, the men came crowding on the poop, and the commander, realizing that the last moment was at hand, shouted to them that all who could swim should jump overboard and fly for the three boats—the cutter and two others—

then in the water, but Colonel Seton, Captain Wright, and Lieutenant Girardot, seeing that such a proceeding must lead to the swamping of the boats, dared to oppose Captain Salmond by urging the men to stay where they were, that the women and children at least might be saved. Only a very few had taken the commander at his word; nearly all remained with their officers drawn up on deck, as still, orderly, and quiet as if waiting for inspection, though all knew that what they actually were waiting for was almost certain death.

Then the stern, which had been tilted high when the bow went under, gave a lurch and a plunge, and the men were flung into the water to struggle for their lives. The captain of the *Birkenhead* remained standing on the deck while it sank beneath him—the last words he was heard to say being to order a boat to save an officer he had observed among the wreckage—and went down with his ship, and although he was afterwards seen in the sea swimming towards a mass of woodwork he was struck by a heavy piece of wood and drowned.

Colonel Seton, the commander of the troops, was also drowned, like so many of his men, but Captain Wright, with five others, kept themselves afloat (as he afterwards stated that at least two hundred men were at first doing) by holding on to a large piece of drift-wood, and were carried towards Danger Point, when finding that the seaweed and breakers presented great difficulties, Captain Wright let go of the supporting drift-wood and swam ashore, others following his example. Landing, nearly naked they had to push their way through covers of thick thorn bushes, but after a day's

arduous journey reached a farm-house where they obtained food and shelter Wright, thus refreshed, then returned to the coast, and spent the next three days climbing about the rocks in search of castaways, a whale-boat's crew helped him, rowing along close to shore, and four men were thus found and rescued

Meanwhile Mr Richards, in command of the cutter in which were the women and children, having with great difficulty prevented his boat from being swamped and hopelessly overcrowded by men who wanted to climb into it, had turned shorewards, but found that the furious surf made landing impossible, so had to keep out in the open sea until daybreak, when a schooner was sighted, which however, like Robinson Crusoe's 'Ship of Despair,' disappeared, without having appeared to notice the cutter, but some time afterwards the ship reappeared, and by means of hoisting a woman's shawl as a signal of distress attention was at last attracted. The schooner—the *Lioness*, of Capetown—at once hove to, and having taken the chilled and exhausted women and children on board, where they found thirty-six men who had been rescued from the other cutter, sailed for the wreck, and reached it just in time to save thirty-seven more men who had spent the night clinging to the mainmast of the *Bukenhead*.

There were other survivors also, none of whom had a more curious experience than young Cornet Bond, who, having saved himself by inflating, while in the water, a life-preserved he had taken the precaution of putting on, and then swimming the two miles to shore, by an extraordinary coincidence found, when he landed, his

own horse, which had also swum ashore, standing in the water just as though it had known his movements and were waiting for him! He also observed nine men who on a makeshift raft, were trying to approach and was able to direct them to a possible landing place and they in their turn were able to save three others, who clinging helplessly to a spar, kept being washed up close to land and then dragged back by the receding waves but were at last thrown up high enough to be reached by their comrades and dragged to safety.

But such rescues were alas! the exception and not the rule, there were only one hundred and ninety-two survivors more than twice as many being lost.

But it is not as an outstanding tragedy that the wreck is remembered so much as for the splendid behaviour of those on board.

Captain Wright declared that all received their orders, and had them carried out 'as if the men were embarking instead of going to the bottom, there was only this difference that I never saw any embarkation conducted with so little noise and confusion.'

There can never have been a more superb instance of discipline—obedience to the last, prompted by the highest courage and unselfishness;—than that of the men who, in the spirit of the little midshipman Casabianca stood waiting on a deck, not indeed burning but about to sink beneath them and went down with the *Birkenhead* as gallantly as Charles Frohman, the well known theatrical manager, did in another famous shipwreck when, drowning he shouted to his fellow victims *Now for the Great Adventure!*

THE LADY OF THE LAMP

(Story of Florence Nightingale)

SOMEWHERE about 1830, in the nursery or schoolroom of a magnificent country house a pretty little girl was playing at nursing and doctoring her dolls, or at another time she would be tending a sick dog, far more carefully and skilfully than most children would have done.

In 1854, that same little girl, now a grown woman, was sailing for the Crimea in charge of the first detachment of British army women nurses who ever went out to a war.

But it had taken more than the gap of passing years to change the child into a woman capable of undertaking such a task as that, it had taken work and training, and not only that, but also such a struggle as had seemed at one time to be in vain.

For that little girl was Florence Nightingale, who from her earliest childhood seemed to be filled with such love and pity for every one and everything that suffered as could only find vent in service—a constant effort to express the love and pity by trying to lessen the suffering.

And so long as she was only a little girl, all was well. Nobody minded. It was no doubt thought very well that dear little Flo should be able to amuse herself by nursing her dolls, and much still that she

she went to give her services at one of the crowded hospitals it was well she did for what she then saw must have been bracing training for her in facing the more terrible aspects of nursing—and she did not know how soon and how urgently she was to require that training.

For in 1854 the Crimean War had broken out and before long appalling stories began to come through of how the medical service had completely broken down and of the awful condition of the sick and wounded and presently these rumours became so fearful that newspapers began to call for women to come forward and offer to go and nurse the stricken soldiers.

Thousands heroically volunteered—but most of them were quite untrained and therefore useless. Sidney Herbert foremost in working for this good cause as he had for many others could think of only one woman capable of seeing through in modern phrase all that needed doing. He wrote to Florence Nightingale asking her if she would be willing to go to Scutari at the head of a band of women nurses. By a wonderful coincidence his letter was crossed in the post by a letter volunteering her services—and that offer and her fulfilment of it is the golden deed by which she will ever be remembered.

Although she may not have fully realized all she would find when she got to Scutari she went out as fully alive to the conditions as it was possible for any one to be who had not actually seen them. Although assured that she would find medical supplies in plenty she would not take that for granted, but insisted when

the ship stopped at Marseilles, on laying in supplies of what she knew would be most urgently needed. She was facing the facts. When an ardent would-be nurse exclaimed to her gushingly 'Oh, Miss Nightingale, when we reach Scutari, let us lose no time—let us go straight to nursing the poor fellows!' the probably rather painfully unexpected response of Florence Nightingale was 'The strongest will be wanted at the wash-tub.'

She was right, and more than right—for she found that the conditions of dirt and stench and general horror at the so-called hospitals of Scutari were almost beyond description, and that the strongest were wanted, not merely at the wash-tub, but at the dust-hole, the sewer, anywhere and everywhere where any sort of effort could be made to deal with the unspeakable filth amidst which the sick and wounded lay, and as she herself was the strongest, if not bodily, at least mentally, down she went into the thick of that fight against tremendous odds in which one of her worst enemies was dirt, ready to face any horror and herself personally to superintend any task, no matter how disgusting; and so marvellous were the results she achieved, that within ten days of her arrival she had reduced the chaos she found when she arrived to order and cleanliness.

She had come, shortly after the battle of Balaclava and just before that of Inkerman, to find that but for her own forethought she might have been stranded without adequate supplies, as owing to appalling mismanagement hardly any stores were available, and to find also sick and wounded men—such of them as had

survived the horrors of the voyage to Scutari—lying unattended in their blood-soaked uniforms on the filthy floors or the muddy ground outside, because there was nowhere else to put them—for the hospital, with its four miles of beds, had not nearly room enough—and no one seemed to know what to do, and within those few days of her first coming, when men were dying like flies, and operated upon under the eyes of others, she had wrought such seemingly miraculous changes that they were being properly nursed, in clean and orderly wards. No wonder that the dying would raise themselves in their beds to kiss the very shadow of Florence Nightingale as it passed them by!

She used to go round the wards at night with a little lamp, visiting each patient personally and that scene has been pictured so often—she has come to be so well known to us as the Lady of the Lamp—that we are rather prone to see her always in that soft and gentle light and to think of her wonderful achievements somewhat as though they had been accomplished in some effortless miraculous way, we do not perhaps realize that they were in fact the result of terrific labour—that the gentle Lady of the Lamp was having to work twenty hours a day under the hardest conditions imaginable, and not only to work, but to fight against all sorts of stupidity and opposition.

For fight she could, and did when need was. Sweet and tender though she always was to the sick, she would stand no nonsense from the healthy. When told that urgently-needed supplies which were all ready to hand could not be got at simply because there was no one

with sufficient authority to order them to be given out, she did not waste words—she took a party of soldiers down to the depot where the cases of necessaries were stored, and, taking all responsibility on her own shoulders, stood by while they smashed them open. She nicknamed one of her most trying opponents ‘the Bison,’ and when she found that, like most people of the bully type, he could be easily cowed—‘The Bison is bullyable!’ quoth Miss Nightingale; and she saw to it that he was ‘bullied’ into submission.

She worked for six months at Scutari, during which time she had to face not only the horrors already described, but those of an outbreak of cholera which occurred that winter, but by the end of the half-year she felt that her work was so well established that she might venture to leave the scene of her labours—not for home, but for the front, where the soldiers were ready to receive her as a sort of goddess. But then her physical powers at last gave way, and she fell a victim to an attack of fever which, combined with effects of the overstrain she had undergone, left her more or less an invalid for the rest of her life.

Although (as happens to most reformers) she had been hotly attacked and shamefully abused, by the time she returned to England the tide had so set in her favour that she might, had she liked, have had such a triumph as no woman had ever had before. But she preferred to return quietly, under the name of ‘Miss Smith,’ to a life of complete retirement—and indeed her health was so shattered that for the next sixty years she was seldom able to leave her sick-room.

But that quiet room became the scene of her greatest labours—for her work so far from ending with the Crimean War was only beginning. She had won for herself a position of indisputable authority and armed with that hard won power she set herself the mammoth task of reforming the whole nursing system.

It was prevention that she aimed at even more than cure. She was clear sighted enough to see that most of the disease in the world ought not merely to be cured but that it was something which ought never to happen and need not if only people would live sensibly and wholesomely. She was a preacher of what we moderns call hygiene and her watchwords were cleanliness and fresh air.

In these days when the good of the last named is so well known that people in sanatoriums live out on balconies day and night so that they need never be indoors we can hardly believe how stuffy the Early Victorians—even the quite well educated—were! Night air for instance was looked upon then as a sort of poison from which children or invalids must be carefully protected not merely by shut windows but sometimes also by sandbags round their sashes to keep out every breath but into this germ laden stuffiness broke Florence Nightingale flinging open windows and proclaiming in her writings on nursing “You *must* have night air; your only choice is whether you will have it fresh or foul!”

Nor was it only literally into close germy bedrooms that she let in air and light into some of the darkest places of the world that Lamp of which she was the

Lady went like a searchlight, probing into the murkiest corners and showing up conditions of dirt and disease so clearly that they could not for very shame be left as they were.

What she had done for the soldiers at Scutari she looked upon as the merest beginning of her work for them, and she did not rest until she had worked the reforms she wanted, not only in army hospitals, but in the conditions under which the soldiers lived when in health, and she then saw to it that the same much-needed changes should be wrought in the Anglo-Indian army as well. After that, she turned her attention to other institutions—civilian hospitals, workhouse infirmaries—anything and everything connected with nursing; and all this while she herself was a semi-invalid, vainly ordered and urged by her doctors to take the rest which she would never allow herself while any working-energy remained to her or while any part of her self-imposed ‘task of Hercules’ was still undone.

Although no doubt often warned that she would kill herself with overwork, she lived to grow old, and to see her supreme ambition, of establishing nursing as the high and worthy calling she had always believed it to be, nobly fulfilled, and she is remembered now as someone whose work for the world did more good than that of perhaps any other woman who has ever lived.

And for a summing-up of what all she did has come to mean—Rudyard Kipling, in the same speech to medical students in which he told them that doctors could, by flying a yellow flag over a city, turn it into

a desert added instancing the other extreme. Or you have only to fly a Red Cross flag over a desert to turn it into a city of refuge towards which—as I have seen—men will crawl on their hands and knees for that Red Cross flag symbolizes the work of the British Army Medical Service—and that of Florence Nightingale.

'FOR THOSE IN PERIL ON THE SEA'

(*Story of Grace Darling*)

MOST boys and girls have at one time or another—probably during their summer holidays at the seaside—had the opportunity of seeing a lighthouse. Many have had the interest of being taken in to see the wonderful great lantern, like a huge crystal prism, and many more, who have never actually been inside a lighthouse, have at all events seen one from the outside—perhaps looked down from the grassy heights of Beachy Head at the slender turret perched on the point of rock far down below and looking so small at that distance, or seen at closer quarters the beacon-tower of the North Foreland on the chalky poppy-bright cliffs above Broadstairs, and they can hardly, when looking, have failed to think what a queer life that of a lighthouse-keeper must be, especially at places where the lighthouse is built on a rock out at sea, so that the keeper of it is cut off from every one on shore and at times, when the stormy waves are beating in their wild fury about his tiny island, as much imprisoned there as if he were Napoleon on St Helena.

Towards the middle of the nineteenth century, a girl called Grace Darling was living alone with her father, who was the keeper of a lighthouse on the Farne Islands, a cluster of dangerous rocks off Bamburgh, which

had been a terrible menace to seamen before the friendly light was put there. Indeed even the presence of the light did not by any means do away with all danger, and one night—towards the morning of the 6th of September 1838—Grace was awakened by cries and screams close at hand, and although it was as yet too dark to see what was happening, was only too sure, from her knowledge of that perilous coast and of what was but too apt to happen there, that there must be a ship in distress upon the rocks.

We can picture the girl in her little room at her strange island home, straining her eyes from her narrow window towards the raging sea, sure that the shrieks she heard were not only those of the stormy winds, and longing for the light, and when at last it came the faint grey dawn confirmed her worst fears, and showed her the remnant of a wreck upon the rocks.

The popular version of the story most generally believed is that in all haste Grace went to rouse her father and to consult with him as to whether it would be possible to get their boat launched and go to see if there were any one still left alive on the wreck who might be rescued. The sturdy lighthouse keeper was willing and courageous enough, and more than ready to run risks, and exert himself to the utmost to save those in peril but on such a night, with the wind and sea increasing in fury (for the tide was still rising) he knew that even if it were feasible to get their boat started and reach the wreck they would never be able to get back to the lighthouse, unless indeed by the help of those they went to save.

But none the less, and in spite of their clear realization of the chances against them, he and his heroic daughter made up their minds to take their 'hundredth chance,' and face the fearful danger, rather than not attempt the rescue. By a supreme effort they managed somehow to get their small boat launched among the rocks and breakers, and set out together on their perilous errand of mercy.

As they drew near—pitching and tossing on the angry waves and seeming likely at any moment to be swamped themselves—to the wreck, they were able to count nine survivors clinging to the forepart of the vessel. To rescue them all at once, in the one small boat, was impossible, but after some vain efforts (watched with we can guess what cruel anxiety by those on the wreck!) they managed to effect a landing and to bring off four of the survivors, by whose help they were able, though with great difficulty, to return to the lighthouse.

Grace's share in the adventure was now ended, but for her father it was still only half over, for he and two of the rescued bravely went back again to the wreck, and were able this time to bring off all the five remaining survivors, and to get them in safety to the shelter of the lighthouse.

There—fed, nursed, and tended by Grace Darling—they were obliged to remain for two days, before the storm abated enough to make it possible, in those days before wireless messages had been thought of, even to carry the news of all that had happened to the mainland, although while the sea was still raging some sailors at Sunderland, learning somehow that there was

a wreck on the Farne Islands went out to her at the risk of their lives, but found no one living left on board. It is more than doubtful whether they could have been in time to save any of the nine people who owed their lives to the gallant lighthouse-keeper and his no less gallant daughter whose heroism in daring to go out to the wreck with her father so impressed those who heard about it that a mythical version of the story has since grown up, and is generally believed giving almost the whole credit of the adventure to Grace and making out that Darling was only persuaded to take his share in it by seeing his noble daughter preparing to set out alone. But exploits exciting enough to fire the public imagination are very apt to be embroidered in this way and in this instance we need feel no regret about facing the real facts, which are just as true as the fiction.

The wrecked ship was the *Forfarshire*, a large steamer which plied between Hull and Dundee. The leakage of her boilers which were out of order, had rendered the engines useless so that when the storm arose the vessel, unmanageable without her steam, was driven helpless upon the Farne Islands a large number of the crew and passengers being drowned.

When the tale of Grace Darling's heroic action was bruited abroad the whole country rang with applause. Testimonials of all sorts came pouring in, the papers sang her praises and she became the heroine of the hour.

Grace herself, however took little heed of all the fuss being made over her fame was not what she cared for

While everybody was wanting to lionize her, she continued to lead her quietly useful, busy life at the lighthouse with her father, where she did not long survive to enjoy her honours, for not long afterwards she fell ill, and died at the early age of twenty-eight, but her name still shines forth as one of the noblest on the list of those who have risked their own lives to save those of the shipwrecked.

A golden Roll of Honour it is—for there is hardly a lifeboat, all round our coast, which has not associated with it some stirring tale of heroism.

Nothing seems to stop those gallant lifeboatmen—neither the roughest sea nor the most (apparently) hopeless obstacles. It is on record that one winter's night, down in Devon, a ship was seen in distress off a part of the coast where there was no lifeboat within many miles. A message was sent out in all haste to the nearest, and its crew at once started forth to the rescue, and as the shortest cut was straight across snow-covered Exmoor, the men pushed and pulled their great heavy boat up the steep moor, and then on, mile after mile, in the cold and darkness and over the rugged snow-laden moorland ground, until at last, by superhuman efforts, they reached the coastal village from which the call had come—only to find their way to the sea there blocked, for the streets were so narrow that the wide boat could hardly be got through them, and at one point a cottage jutted across in a fashion which made the way completely impassable.

It might be supposed that that would have been 'Checkmate!' and the lifeboatmen, despite their gallant

efforts thwarted at the last. But no! Not to be beaten they set to work, there and then, and pulled down the building which stood in their way and they managed after all to get their boat launched just in time to effect the rescue.

They are wonderful men—those who serve the life boat. Their courage is unfailing. No wind nor weather can daunt them—the fury of the storm is only a call to them for their help. If a lifeboat is swamped at the first launching and forced back to shore, be sure she will turn seawards again, to face the same risks once more if a seat in the lifeboat is empty because a life-boatman has been drowned; be sure that will not keep the boat from still going on its noble errand—either she will go short handed or someone will volunteer to take the drowned man's place.

A wonderful record!—and perhaps the shining example of one lonely girl at the Farne Islands may have helped to inspire many others to do and dare even as she did, for the sake of those who have been wrecked at sea.

POWDER AND SHOT

(Story of Delhi)

AMONG all the stories of heroism which brighten the otherwise grim and ghastly record of the Indian Mutiny, there are few more stirring than that of the blowing-up, first of the magazine, and afterwards of the Cashmere Gate, at Delhi.

This great city stands on a rocky ridge above the sandy plain by the River Jumna, in the district called the Punjab, a wonderful place, built chiefly of red granite inlaid with coloured marbles, full of mosques and palaces, and surrounded by a red wall with seven gates and a loopholed parapet, and at the time of the outbreak of the Mutiny in 1857 it was of double importance, being not only the capital of the Indian kings of the Punjab, but also a military stronghold of the British, possessing one of the largest magazines of powder and arms in all India.

Only thirty-five miles away is the town of Meerut, where the Mutiny first broke out and on that fatal night of the 10th of May the mutinous Sepoys, having swept all before them at Meerut, made straight for Delhi, bent on taking possession, not only of the city, but of the munitions it contained.

In the early morning they came galloping down on Delhi, and although the seven gates were closed, it was

not until after the Sepoys had entered—a tragic case of 'shutting the stable door after the horse has got out'! Soon the Sepoy cavalry were followed by rebel infantry who came pouring over the bridge into the town, and it was certain that an attack would soon be made upon the magazine, but although the officers in charge knew that their position was desperate, not to say hopeless, since they could not count on the support of the natives they unhesitatingly prepared to do all that was humanly possible to defend the place and try to keep the enormous store of munitions from falling into the enemy's hands, barricading the gates, placing guns in position, and laying a train of powder from the main store to a lime-tree in the yard.

They could hear all the while the shouts and firing going on outside, as the rebels came pouring in. Presently there came a demand that the place should be instantly surrendered, which demand being refused, scaling-ladders were brought by the enemy, whereupon the entire native garrison, which had already shown signs of insubordination, rushed out to join the rebels, leaving a handful of eight or nine Britishers—Captain Raynor, Lieutenants Willoughby and Forrest, Sergeants Edwards and Stewart, Conductors Buckley and Scully, Sub-Conductor Crow, and some say one other man—to make what defence they could.

For five hours the siege continued. As the 'dauntless three,' the Roman Horatius and his two comrades, kept the bridge against the whole Etruscan army, so those 'dauntless eight' within the Delti Magazine held the place against the howling mob of rebels outside, hoping

against hope that help might come in time. But it did not, and by the end of five hours they knew that ammunition was running short and further resistance hopeless.

Even then they could probably have escaped, but they were determined to keep the munitions from being taken, though at the risk of all their lives—and at a signal from Lieutenant Willoughby, the train of powder was fired.

There followed an explosion which shook the whole city, and as the walls of the magazine fell crashing, its stunned and scorched defenders—'all that was left of them,' for only half the tiny garrison survived—reached a sally-port, from which they gained the Jumna and made their escape.

These four—Willoughby, Forrest, Raynor, and Buckley—were all awarded the Victoria Cross; Willoughby posthumously, for he was killed very shortly after.

For four months Delhi remained in the hands of the rebels, then the city was retaken—which practically ended the Mutiny—and in its recapture was involved another explosion, together with an act of bravery as outstanding as that of the defenders of the magazine.

The town was to be taken by assault, two columns of infantry were to attack the breaches, and the third—a thousand men—to await the blowing-up of the Cashmere Gate before storming the opening. The explosion-party consisted of Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, Sergeants Smith and Carmichael, and Corporal Burgess, all of the Bengal Engineers; a havildar and eight

privates of the Bengal Sappers and Miners, and Bugler Hawthorne, of the 52nd, who was to sound the advance when the gate was destroyed, and their desperate task was to blow in the Cashmere Gate, to reach which they would have to advance openly, in broad daylight, across the broken bridge, under fire from the picked marksmen at the wicket!

Our artillery were already firing on the city and being answered by the guns within, and it was under heavy fire that the explosion-party went forward Lieutenant Home and four men, each carrying a twenty-five pound bag of powder, passed through the barrier gate and crossed the ditch the enemy being so taken by surprise at the sheer audacity of the proceeding as to cease fire for a moment, thereby giving Home time to place the bags in position and leap down safely into the ditch.

Salkeld, Carmichael, and Burgess were the next to follow through the barrier, but four Sepoys refused to advance, although Sergeant Smith threatened to shoot them if they did not obey orders. Salkeld, perceiving the cause of the unlooked-for delay, told him to fire, but as the sergeant raised his rifle, slowly, to give the Sepoys time, two of them submitted, and then the lieutenant cried 'Don't shoot! There will be enough with your own bag' and Smith, picking up his powder, which he had laid down to handle his rifle, went forward under fire. Home and the bugler, their job done, were crouching in the ditch, and Salkeld and Burgess at work, but Carmichael lay dead where he had fallen, shot, from the broken bridge.

Smith, having at fearful risk laid his own powder-bag and added the dead sergeant's to it, arranged the fuse under heavy fire, and reported to his officer that all was ready. Salkeld, in stooping to apply the quick-match, was wounded, and fell into the ditch, but as he did so he ordered Smith to fire the charge. Burgess seized the slow-match, and Smith called 'Keep cool and fire it!'

All the while the enemy's fire was raining down upon them. Below in the comparative shelter of the ditch Home and Hawthorne waited in crucial suspense, and then,

'It's gone out!' Burgess ejaculated. 'It won't go off!'

Smith coolly handed him a match-box, but it was not taken, for at that moment the corporal fell, shot through the body.

The responsibility then rested upon Smith. Crouching close to the charge, he had struck a light when the portfire in the fuse, which after all was not extinguished, fizzed up; and as the explosion took place, Smith, amid its deafening thunder and choking smoke, had just time to spring into the ditch, where he found Home and Hawthorne beside him unhurt.

They waited a few moments for the choking, shattering effects of the explosion to subside, and then Bugler Hawthorne sounded the call summoning the stormers, but he had to repeat it three times before it could be heard through the noise of the guns. Then the waiting column came pouring over the bridge, and Lieutenant Home, leaving Hawthorne in charge of the wounded, Burgess and Havildar Pellock Singh, scrambled

out of the ditch to follow it and join in the assault, while Smith went to the rear for stretchers, but Burgess died while he was being carried in, and Salkeld a few days later, though not before he had lived to receive, as a temporary substitute, the red ribbon of the V.C., and to murmur 'It will be gratifying to send it home.' Smith and Hawthorne were also decorated for their bravery, but Horn did not live to receive his reward, for he was killed soon after.

'Under fire' A wonderful record of soldiers' heroism is embodied in those two words, but there can be few finer instances of dazzling courage than that of the men who, not merely under the guns of Delhi, but under a galling fire from chosen enemy marksmen, blew up the Cashmere Gate and opened the way for the attack which was to end the horrors of the Mutiny.

'THE HUNDREDTH CHANCE'

(*Story of James Kavanagh*)

AMONG the endless heroic deeds done by soldiers, the heroism shown by dispatch-riders—men entrusted with messages which must be got through, or dispatches which must be kept from falling into the enemy's hands, at all costs—has always been notable. Some of you may have heard the story of how such a message was once brought by a very young French soldier to Napoleon Bonaparte.

'You are wounded?' the emperor asked with kindly concern, seeing that the boy was evidently hurt or ill.

'Nay, sire,' was the gasping answer, 'I am killed!'—and the messenger, mortally wounded, fell dead at his emperor's feet.

The following story is an account of how one such message was carried, during the Indian Mutiny of 1857; and the hero of it is James Kavanagh, an Irish gentleman, who with the rest of the gallant little British garrison was shut up in the Residency of Lucknow and besieged there by the Sepoys for 179 days.

Once already a small relieving force, under General Havelock, had managed to fight its way to the Residency, only to be overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the enemy and in its turn besieged with the rest which, while it strengthened the garrison, at the same time added to the numbers among whom the siege-rations

had to be divided, and now, after nearly half a year's endurance, hope had reawakened, for a rumour had reached the distressed defenders that Sir Colin Campbell was bringing another British force to their relief

Then it was that Kavanagh (who had already made for himself a reputation for exceptional daring, even among that garrison of heroes) made an offer to Colonel Napier, chief of Sir James Outram's staff, to try to break through the enemy's lines and make his way to Alumbagh, at or near which place the British were encamped, as the bearer of a message to Sir Colin Campbell telling him the strength of the garrison and the easiest route to Lucknow

It was indeed most urgent, as the defenders were already aware, that such a message should be conveyed somehow, but Colonel Napier, knowing how closely every way out of Lucknow was watched by the mutineers, thought the dangers of the proposed enterprise too desperate to justify its being attempted, and although Kavanagh (though he well knew, as every one did, that capture would mean certain death, possibly by torture) urged that, as he was familiar with the ways of the natives and could speak their language, he was especially well fitted for the task, his offer was declined, and only reported to Sir James Outram because Colonel Napier considered that its gallantry deserved recognition

Sir James in his turn also discouraged the foolhardy volunteer, declaring he would not have asked any of his officers to attempt anything so perilous, but Kavanagh

made light of the danger, and seemed so confident of succeeding, and so primed with local knowledge which might be of great value, that he at length got his way and was granted leave to venture on the service for which he had volunteered.

The idea was not a new one, it had struck him some days before, while witnessing the preparation of plans to aid the commander-in-chief in his march into Lucknow, that someone possessing the necessary information ought to try to get through to headquarters, and that same morning, learning that a spy, Kunoujee Lal, had come in from Cawnpore, and was going back to Alumbagh that night with dispatches, he had sought him out and expressed a desire to accompany him in disguise.

He now set to work to effect his disguise—secretly, that his plans might not be known to his wife, who was not in a state of health to bear such terrible anxiety as they would have caused her, and who, when Kavanaugh left home about seven o'clock in the evening, only thought he was going on duty for the night at the mines where he was working as an assistant field-engineer, half an hour later his transformation was completed, and when he entered Colonel Napier's room attired as a 'budmash, or irregular soldier of the city, in a yellow silk 'koortah' over a tight-fitting white muslin shirt, with a yellow-coloured chintz sheet thrown round his shoulders, a cream-coloured turban, a white waist-band or 'cummerbund,' tight trousers and native-made shoes, and armed with sword and shield, no one recognized him, although all he had had to darken his face, neck, and hands with was lampblack and oil, so that

he himself had little trust in the disguise of his features, and pinned his hopes more to the darkness of the night. Sir James Outram and his staff seemed to think all would pass muster, with the addition of broad pyjamas over the tight trousers, and armed with a small double-barrelled pistol as well as his native sword, Kavanagh set out in company with the spy Kunoujee Lal, and Lieutenant Hardinge, who went with them as far as the right bank of the River Gboomtee.

Here they undressed and quietly forded the river. Kavanagh confessed afterwards that at this point, while in the water, his courage almost forsook him, and that had his guide been within reach he would have been tempted to pull him back and give up the whole enterprise, but he waded quickly across, and on reaching the opposite bank the two went crouching up a ditch for three hundred yards to a grove of low trees on the edge of a pond, where while they were re-dressing, a man came down to wash, but went again without noticing them.

Kavanagh's confidence was now restored, and he and the spy advanced boldly among the enemy huts. Kavanagh, in order to appear natural and casual, accosting a matchlock-man with a remark about the coldness of the night, receiving the reply 'It is very cold, in fact it is a cold night,' and responding that it would be colder by and by, as they passed on.

About six or seven hundred yards further on they were stopped at the iron bridge over the Gboomtee, and called over by a native officer, when Kavanagh acutely conscious of the lampblack, kept discreetly in shadow, but having stated that they had come from Mundeon

(their old cantonment, then in possession of the Sepoys) and were going into the city to their homes, they were allowed to proceed, and continued for another eight or nine hundred yards without attracting the particular attention of any one they encountered, recrossed the Ghoomtee by the stone bridge, passing unobserved by a sentry who was questioning a native, and entered the 'chouk,' or principal street, of Lucknow, where they were jostled in the crowd and encountered a guard of seven Sepoys, but were not spoken to

On passing out of Lucknow into the country, they were challenged by a 'chowkeedar,' or watchman, who, however, only asked who they were and did not stop them, and they had proceeded cheerfully on their way for some miles, when they discovered to their dismay that they had taken the wrong turning, gone right out of their way, and got into the Dilkooshah Park, which was occupied by the enemy. They tried to persuade a native who was watching his crop there to show them the way, but he refused, and another, ordered by Kavanagh to go with them, ran off yelling and alarmed the village, they then hurried away to the canal under the Chatbagh, but Kavanagh fell in several times, his hard, tight native shoes being wet and slippery and his feet sore from their pressure, and altogether they had lost two hours before they once more found themselves, by the help of two women, on the right road. They then came upon an advanced picket of Sepoys, but Kavanagh, 'taking the bull by the horns,' went boldly up to them and asked his way, and they let him pass on.

Kunoujee Lal now asked Kavanagh not to insist on

his taking him into Alumbagh, as the enemy was posted around the place and he did not know the way in, so Kavanagh told him instead to go on to the camp of the commander-in-chief, near Bannee (a village eighteen miles from Lucknow) on the Cawnpore road, and an hour later they arrived at a grove of mango-trees, where was a man who, on sight of them, to their surprise and alarm called out a guard of twenty-five Sepoys by whom they were searchingly questioned. Kunouje Lal then threw away the letter for Sir Colin Campbell entrusted to him, but Kavanagh kept his hidden in his turban, and having managed to satisfy the guard that they were not the dreaded foe now so near, but only a couple of poor travellers on their way to Umroola (a village two miles from the commander-in-chief's camp), they were told their way and allowed to go on.

Their next misadventure was getting into a 'jheel' or swamp, through which they had to wade for two hours up to their waists in weeds and water, during which trying experience Kavanagh had great difficulty in preventing the colour from being washed off his face, as it was almost entirely from his hands, and by the time they were free of the jheel he was so exhausted that he was obliged, to the dismay of his guide, to stop and rest for a quarter of an hour.

They then went on, passing between two pickets of the enemy, there being no sentries. About four o'clock in the morning Kavanagh again stopped at the corner of a 'tope,' or group of trees, for a short rest, and after that, they had not gone far before they were again challenged by a native sentry — but this time, to

Kavanagh's unspeakable joy and relief, the challenge was in English—'Who goes there?'

He was conducted to the camp of the advanced guard, and received there with the utmost enthusiasm, every one marvelling at an exploit the success of which Kavanagh himself generously insisted was largely due to the courage and intelligence of his guide and helper, Kunoujee Lal, and the information brought at so great a risk proved invaluable—so much so, that the commander-in-chief kept Kavanagh near him all through the days which followed, when he was forcing his way into Lucknow.

As the relieving force approached the besieged Residency, Kavanagh pressed forward to be the first to announce the success of the march to Sir James Outram, and as a cry of recognition broke out—'It is Kavanagh! He is the first to relieve us! Three cheers for him!'—there was a storm of cheering. He had, too, the honour of conducting Sir James Outram and General Havelock into the presence of the commander-in-chief, and received from them an enthusiastic expression of their appreciation of his service.

Kavanagh was mentioned in dispatches, in which Sir Colin Campbell stated his opinion that 'his escape at a time when the entrenchment was closely invested by a large army, and when communication, even through the medium of natives, was almost impossible, was one of the most daring feats ever attempted,' and in recognition of that and other gallant services rendered by him during the Mutiny, he was rewarded not only with a post as assistant-commissioner at Oudh and a gift of £2,000, but with the Victoria Cross.

FOR FREEDOM

(Story of John Brown)

NOT every boy or girl who has read that most exciting book *Uncle Tom's Cabin* knows that its author Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote it not merely as an amusing story but with passionate purpose in the earnest hope of awakening people's minds to the horrors of the system of slavery then practised in America.

Many indeed were already fully alive to the evil the poets Whittier and Lowell for instance were writing fiery poems in which they pleaded for the freedom of the negro race and many thinking men and women were becoming more and more sensible of a fearful wrong in their midst needing to be righted. But although plenty of individual people here and there were doing all they could to help the slaves nothing definite by the nation as a whole was being done about it.

For it was by no means every white man or woman in America who wanted to get rid of slavery. If there were those who cared first and foremost for right and mercy there were also those who cared far more for gain and in the South especially where the great cotton sugar and other plantations were worked by slave labour many rich slave owners reckoned nothing of what cruelties or injustice the unhappy blacks had to suffer so long as they could continue to make the

enormous profits which the system of slavery brought them There were, moreover, other slave-owners of a very different type—kindly men enough, who treated their own slaves well and felt that so long as they did so there could be no great harm in slavery, shutting their eyes to what might be the fate of other negroes who were not so fortunate in their masters, and another obstacle to the spread of anti-slavery was the attitude of some of the negroes themselves, who, born and bred in slavery, could so little imagine themselves as free men that they shrank from the idea of freedom and preferred their easy, comfortable existence of depending on their kind, indulgent ‘massa’ or ‘missis,’ feeling towards their owners the loyalty of old family servants and sometimes actually ready to support them against the cause of their own freedom! while many poor wretched negroes whose owners were of another kind were too crushed by cruelty to have any hope or spirit left for resistance, and dully accepted their fate as slaves

Still, in spite of everything, the idea of abolition—the doing away with the slavery system—did gradually gain ground, especially in the North, with the result that deeper and deeper enmity grew up between the states in the South, which favoured slavery, and those of the North, which had become a refuge for escaping slaves At length the general unrest found expression in a serious disturbance, for a party of Southerners, afterwards known as the ‘Border Ruffians,’ crossed the border of Missouri into the state of Kansas, and under pretence of keeping order committed such brutal acts, in the town of Lawrence, against the anti-slavery party,

that the sequel was, a number of Abolitionists banded themselves together to defeat and punish the 'Ruffians,' which in the course of the next few months they succeeded in doing in spite of the fact that they were heavily outnumbered.

The leader of this little band was John Brown a farmer and a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers, whose ancestor, Peter Brown, a carpenter, came over to America in the *Mayflower*. Like his Puritan fore-fathers he was deeply religious, and loved his Bible, and as he could not reconcile its teaching of love and charity with the cruelties he saw practised all around him on the poor negroes he believed it was his duty to try to free them and determined, with the help of his six sons one son in law, and the small company of abolitionist' adventurers who had joined them, to lead a crusade against slavery—strong in the faith which makes light of all difficulties believing that in a righteous cause, and with the help of God, the few might succeed against the many, just as they had done of old in so many of the Scriptural stories which he knew by heart.

Finally he thought out a plan so daring that only a man upheld by faith like his would ever have dreamed of it, for it was nothing less than to invade Virginia with his little band of only about twenty followers, find and occupy strongholds among the mountains, and raise an army by calling upon the slaves to join him and fight for their own liberty, believing that they would do so by thousands, and he planned to arm them by seizing the United States Armoury at the small town of Harper's Ferry on the Virginian side of the Potomac.

He and his followers set to work secretly. In June 1859, he rented, under the name of Isaac Smith, a small farm-house and log-cabin in the Maryland hills opposite Harper's Ferry, and his neighbours in the district no more suspected the quiet new-comer among them of being the famous John Brown of whose doings they had heard such wild tales, than they guessed that the boxes which they supposed to contain his ordinary household belongings were crammed with rifles, pistols, and pikes, nor how many other men were hidden away in the farm-buildings.

For months John Brown's followers continued to arrive at the farm—a few at a time, so as not to excite suspicion—until in the autumn his 'army' numbered its full strength of two- or three-and-twenty, including his two special friends, Kagi and Stephens, and three of his sons, Owen, Watson, and Oliver, the last-named a youth of only twenty. For such a mere handful coolly to propose to attack thousands seemed madness indeed! But how sure they were that recruits would flock to their standard may be gauged by the fact that a formal commission was found on one of them signed by John Brown, 'Commander-in-Chief,' and countersigned by J H Kagi as 'Secretary of War.'

Until the moment to strike was felt to have come, the conspirators had to spend their days hiding in a large loft, only daring to venture out after dark. The dullness of such imprisonment made them more than ready for action, but when John Brown finally broke to them his intention of attacking the Armoury, they were aghast at the idea of doing what must bring upon

them the regular forces of the Government, and so reluctant despite John Brown's assurances that the negroes would be sure to rally round them, that he in despair offered to let them choose another leader whom he would obey but that decided his wavering allies, who insisted on his remaining their commander and, in spite of doubts they could not but feel, prepared to follow blindly wherever he might lead.

It may be that John Brown thought well to hurry on the proceedings without waiting for reinforcements, for fear of discovery a certain amount of suspicion had been excited by the departure of the women who had at first been at the farm, some of his men had grown careless about showing themselves by daylight, and it is said that the plot had even been betrayed by some traitor unknown, though no notice had been taken by the Government. At all events Sunday October 16th, was appointed as the day of action. On that day the old commander called his men to prayers, and before setting out that evening he gave them, among his final instructions, an earnest charge to spare life whenever possible.

When the party fairly started on their wild mission, they were not a score all told, for Owen Brown, with two untried recruits, had been left in charge of surplus arms and ammunition which it had been arranged could be sent as required to a schoolhouse about a mile from Harper's Ferry. Two of the men went forward to tear down the telegraph wires on the Maryland side of the Potomac, and the rest walked quietly on in couples, attracting no attention and arriving without interrup-

tion at the bridge leading into Harper's Ferry, where they halted to bring out their rifles and ammunition. Then, leaving two of their number to guard the bridge, they marched into the quiet sleeping town, and having taken prisoner a watchman they encountered, made their way straight to the Armoury, where they broke the door open and took possession.

John Brown then, making his headquarters at the Armoury, sent parties out to seize the Rifle Works and the Arsenal, and to turn out the lights of the town. All this was achieved without resistance, and by midnight Harper's Ferry—hardly any of whose inhabitants as yet knew anything of what was happening—was in the hands of the invaders. But one most unfortunate incident occurred soon after—a coloured man was needlessly shot—a bad beginning, indeed, to a war for the Freedom of the Negro!

A railway train, full of passengers to Washington, bewildered at finding their way blocked by armed men, was held up for some hours—and then John Brown proved himself, heroic though he might be, no crafty general, having had the forethought to cut the telegraph wires, he now deliberately undid all the good of that precaution by allowing the train to go on, walking over the bridge with it to show that all was safe and only after it had passed having the rails torn up. Had he wished to betray his own conspiracy he could hardly have found a better way of broadcasting the news!—for the people in the train spread it far and wide, by writing on scraps of paper all they knew of what had happened and throwing the dispatches out of the windows.

Meanwhile a party had been sent out to seize slave-owners of the neighbourhood to be held as hostages (including Colonel Washington, a descendant of the great president), with instructions to liberate the slaves, and also—a dramatic little touch—to bring away the sword sent by Frederick the Great to Washington, with which John Brown meant to arm himself as the Champion of Freedom.

The bewildered hostages were duly captured and brought in as were also the first of the townspeople to show themselves in the streets to the number of about fifty or sixty, and then the inhabitants of Harper's Ferry, awakening to find, to their amazement and consternation, their town mysteriously occupied by armed men who stood about as sentries and commanded passers by to halt and go with them, began to realize that extraordinary events must have occurred overnight. At first no one understood the affair, which was put down to a strike of workmen or a bandits' raid, or knew how to offer resistance but before long the Virginians began to recover from the bewilderment of the shock, and to show fight with what weapons they could make shift with, melting down pewter articles for bullets and gaining confidence as reinforcements came in from the country and as they began to realize with what a mere handful of enemies they had to deal.

By about midday three or four hundred citizens were properly armed with rifles and revolvers, and supported by a hundred or so militiamen who had by that time arrived. Crossing the river in boats, they seized the Maryland end of the bridge to cut off Brown's retreat,

while another detachment barred his road to the Virginia mountains. Then they overpowered a small outlying party, made an assault on the Rifle Works, held by only five or six men under Kagi, who were driven out into the shallow stream of the Shenandoah and shot down or captured, and, occupying the houses round about, made their attack upon the Armoury.

Even after his son Watson had been mortally wounded and his youngest, Oliver, shot dead, their father remained cool and resolute, keeping up the fight against hopeless odds, talking freely to his hostages about his aims and motives, and again and again urging his men not to fire at any one unarmed, it was against his orders that the mayor of the town was shot, which so enraged the citizens that they became merciless in their fury, lynching one of Brown's men they had taken prisoner, shooting another as he put up his hands in surrender, and wounding Stephens as he came out with a flag of truce.

More militia arrived, the Armoury was hotly attacked from front and rear, and Brown retreated into the fire-engine house, taking with him such remaining hostages as had not by this time got free, and threatening reprisals upon them if his own men were ill-treated, though he did not in actual fact do them any harm whatever. He then barred the doors and windows, broke portholes through the walls, and prepared to make a last desperate stand.

After an attempt to storm his refuge had been beaten off, the firing went on till nightfall, when Brown made an offer to give up his hostages if allowed to cross the bridge with his surviving followers, which was refused.

There was then a lull in the fighting until daybreak when an officer of a detachment of marines sent from Washington under Colonel Robert Lee to reinforce the fifteen hundred armed men already surrounding the Armory demanded unconditional surrender which Brown firmly refused though he had but six of his own followers now left with him two of whom were wounded and the negroes he had pressed into service proved singularly spiritless and useless.

Then the signal for assault was given the marines dashed forward and failing to break in the door with sledge hammers rammed it open with a ladder one of the hostages helping from within by undoing the fastenings. The assailants then rushed in the defenders were overpowered the hostages released and John Brown struck down and wounded.

He was carried to the guard house kept there for thirty hours and closely questioned I have failed he owned You may dispose of me very easily --I am nearly disposed of now but this question is still to be settled --this negro question I mean The end of that is not yet

Many of the Virginians had supposed him a madman but the governor like the hostages who had talked to him and found him brave as a man could be and sensible upon all subjects except slavery thought this a mistake and pronounced him a man of clear head courage fortitude and simple ingenuousness He and his surviving followers were taken to Charlestown jail tried and condemned to death

At the trial John Brown weak and wounded had

lain on a pallet in his fetters, but on the day of his death—December 2nd—he marched out to his execution like the gallant old soldier he was, with firm step and head held high, and it is said that on his way he stopped before a negro woman holding her baby, to kiss the child of the race for whose liberty he was giving his life

That day was kept in many cities of the Northern States as one of mourning, memorial services were held, guns were fired, and bells tolled, and people wore black

But before long, a sound was heard throughout America very different from the mournful one of tolling bells the stirring sound of martial music, and to the tune of it the words of a song which rang through every one of the Northern States and was carried far into the South.

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men so true,
He frightened old Virginny till she trembled through and through,
They shot him for a traitor, themselves the traitor crew,
But he still goes marching along
Glory, glory, alleluia!
Glory, glory, alleluia!
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on!

and the accompaniment of that song was the steady tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp of the feet of the marching armies of which John Brown had dreamed, on their way to free the slaves

For as the first volley fired in the War of Independence came to be known as 'the shot heard round the world,' so the execution of John Brown might well have been

called 'the sound heard round America', and it acted as a reveille to awaken the sleeping hearts and consciences of men who had been half hearted in the cause of freedom. John Brown had spoken truly when in owning himself to have failed he had added 'But the end is not yet'. The North was up and awake at last, never to rest again until the South was conquered and the slaves set free.

Victor Hugo the great French writer, sent a message to the North 'What the South slew last December was not John Brown but Slavery', for such was the 'failure' of the man whose body lay in a traitor's grave, but whose soul went marching on' to victory.

'THE HEATHEN IN HIS BLINDNESS'

(Story of Kapiolani)

DID you ever hear of a quite famous society called the Thirteen Club? It is so called because 13 is supposed to be an unlucky number, and has, for the same reason, thirteen members, who all meet for a dinner once a year, when they deliberately do everything they can think of—such as sitting down thirteen to table or helping each other to salt—which is supposed to be unlucky, just for the sake of setting such silly ideas at defiance and showing what nonsense they are All honour to them, for being sensible enough to try to root out the remnants of the old superstitions—we must not say, good luck to them, for they don't believe in luck!

What absurd things these superstitions are! Why in the world, for instance, should it be supposed to be dangerous to decorate one's room with those exquisitely beautiful objects, peacocks' feathers, or to bring may-blossom into the house? There are so many that it would be quite an interesting study to try to trace their origin, should we find, for instance, that the fancy about not walking under ladders had simply begun through somebody having been injured by a ladder falling on him, and that the supposed ill-luck resulting from upsetting salt was invented as a way of teaching children not to be messy at table, or should we discover

(as we very possibly might) that some of the superstitions had started in bygone ages as solemn rites with religious meanings?

Most of us have (more shame to us for being so ridiculous!) a tinge of superstition about us—just enough to make us exclaim Touch wood! when we hear someone boast how remarkably well he is keeping or declare that something is our mascot we are half in fun of course—but sometimes not quite!

But let us be thankful that such trifling half joking superstitions are all we enlightened people know of the terrible mass of superstition—some of it most cruel and horrible in its ideas—which almost crushes the lives of some of the poor ignorant natives in heathen lands, and is one of the hardest things missionaries have to contend with.

You see if a simple savage with no science to guide him cannot explain to himself the forces of nature he sees around him he is tempted to explain them in some unnatural way as the work of imaginary gods or demons. Take for example volcanoes—a name which comes from that of the armourer god Vulcan whose workshops the volcanoes along the Mediterranean coasts were supposed to be to us they are simply burning mountains—perfectly natural parts of the world we live in and alarming only when in a dangerously active state of eruption—and even a child old enough to have learnt a little physical geography knows something about them but think how awe inspiring they must be to a savage who knows nothing beyond what he can see and so can let his imagination play about them as he pleases!

Think, for instance, of the great active volcano Kilauea, in one of the Sandwich Isles in the Pacific, what more natural than that the ignorant, terrified natives of Hawaii, knowing nothing of the real causes of eruptions, should fancy the burning mountain to be the home of a fierce goddess, and declare the huge crater of liquid fire to be her bath, the curious glass threads which spread like cobwebs over the bushes on the mountain-top and are formed by the action of the air upon the vapour rising from the molten minerals, her hair, and the streams of burning lava which sometimes pour down and spread destruction in the island, the tokens of her dreaded wrath?

At last, however, the islanders had a chance of learning better—for Christian missionaries came out to the Pacific to teach them, as well as European traders, from whom also they learnt more civilized ideas

A missionary is a person rather apt to be laughed at, and when we see a picture of one, he is pretty sure to be represented as a mild, chinless little man in spectacles, attired in the most correct clerical garb—which as a matter of fact he wouldn't be in the least likely to wear in a tropical climate! Such pictures and jokes are so funny that we can't help being amused by them, just as we are by the nonsense verse

Would I were a Cassowary
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
I would eat a missionary—
Eat him and his hymn-book too!

It's all only fun, of course, and most of the missionaries themselves would be the last people to resent a little

good humoured teasing or take it too seriously but it's a pity just to the extent that it is rather inclined to blind us to what a marvellously courageous pioneer a real missionary (who by the way is in real life quite likely to be a bronzed virile young man in riding breeches and a topee looking much more like an explorer than an ordinary clergyman!) often is Honour to whom honour is due¹—missionaries are among the most daring and self sacrificing people on the face of this earth and deserve to have their courage respected

Those who went to these islands in the Pacific gradually succeeded the young King Liholiho and his court decided to give up their idols and idolatrous practices and listen to Christian teaching but some of the ancient heathen superstitions still lingered—notably that about the goddess Pele on her flaming mountain—whose priests still threatened with her dreadful wrath those who ceased to worship her

Then it was that a golden deed was done—not by a Christian missionary but by one of the natives

She was a woman called Kapiolani the wife of Naihe the public orator of Hawaii She had been converted to Christianity by the missionaries and she made up her mind to try to free her fellow islanders from the bondage of their heathen superstitions The mountain of Kilauea being supposed to be ground sacred to the goddess Pele was taboo—that is to say set apart and forbidden—for all women since it was said that the goddess would permit no mortal woman to touch her mountain and Kapiolani resolved to ascend it hoping that if she were to show that she could do so

in safety, without any wrath of an offended goddess descending upon her, the islanders might be brought to believe, as she did, that Pele did not exist

It is hard for us who do not live in heathen lands to imagine what high courage must have been needed for such an undertaking. Try to fancy what it must have meant for this simple native woman, well knowing that terrible things *did* happen when 'the goddess was angry,' or rather when the volcano was active, and bred up from infancy in all the superstitions of the islands, to break away from them so completely as utterly to defy the fearful wrath of the goddess Pele, of which from her babyhood she had been taught to stand in trembling awe!

Moreover, the actual dangers and difficulties of the ascent were no light matter for a coast-bred woman unaccustomed to climbing, not only was it toilsome in the extreme, and the ascent into the cold of the higher regions terrible for a fragile Hawaiian, but there were wild crags to be climbed and slippery sheets of lava or slopes of crumbling cinders to be surmounted—no easy feat even for a practised mountaineer.

But strong in the new-found faith which upheld her, Kapiolani set out on her long and perilous climb, gathering on her way some of the 'sacred' berries growing on the mountain which it was supposed to be sacrilege for a woman to touch. The priests of Pele, who had their sanctuary among the crags of the mountain, came forth in fury, threatening her with the appalling wrath of the enraged goddess, but they could neither turn Kapiolani back nor shake her purpose. On and on she climbed, to the very summit of the volcano, and then

down the side of the crater to the edge of the sea of boiling lava into which she flung the sacred berries, and having thus hurled her defiance at the goddess Pele she descended the mountain in safety.

'If I perish by the anger of Pele' she said to the islanders 'then dread her power, but behold, I defy her wrath. I have broken her taboos. I live and am safe for Jehovah the Almighty is my God. His was the breath that kindled these flames, His is the Hand which restrains their fury. Oh! all ye people behold how vain are the gods of Hawaii and turn and serve the Lord!'

There is an old saying handed down to us from the ancient Greeks. Truth lives at the bottom of a well, all honour to the brave native woman who sought to bring it up not from a well but from the crater of an active volcano!

'FORSAKING ALL'

(Story of Father Damien)

BELLS!

How many different kinds there are, and what a world of different impressions the sound of them conveys! Some of you may have read Edgar Allan Poe's famous poem on them, contrasting the merry jingling sleigh-bells, the joyful wedding-peal, and the sad sound of a single bell tolling, and then there are the faint tinkling sheep-bells one hears sometimes over the downs, the clamorous dinner-bell which sends hungry boys and girls eagerly to table, and the insistent school-bell, which according to Shakespeare drives them 'unwillingly to school' (though in these modern times, when lessons are often made so jolly and entralling, there is generally much less unwillingness about it than there probably was in his day!), the telephone-bell, always rather startling in its suddenness and persistence, which so strangely brings a voice, sometimes a well-known one, out of the void, the ships' bells which divide a sailor's working day—

But there was one bell which conveyed a meaning sadder than any other—far sadder even than that of the 'passing-bell,' which used sometimes to be rung in country places to show that someone was dying—the sound of which will never be heard in England again—the leper's bell!

But in the so called 'good old days' (which in that way at least were such terribly bad ones) it was liable to be heard anywhere, and at any time, perhaps at some jovial fair, or other merrymaking, the sound of it would give a sudden check and chill to the merriment and cause those who heard it to draw back with scared faces—and a strange shrouded, ghost-like figure, swathed in wrappings which hid its face as well as its form would pass slowly by, ever and anon ringing a hand-bell by which it gave warning to all to keep their distance and avoid the contamination of its touch, for this was a leper—Unclean! Unclean!

It is almost impossible to imagine how terrible was the tragedy of leprosy for those who fell its victims. It meant for the sufferers not only the horrors of the disease itself and the hopelessness of knowing themselves incurable, but also utter separation from their fellow men. To this day may be seen in old churches, openings through which persons thus afflicted watched the services while standing outside the building, for a leper might not enter a church, lest he should defile the congregation. He was cut off from life and love, from both the work and the amusements of his fellow-men, and must leave his friends for ever and be shunned by every stranger he met, a leper was an outcast, whose only fault was his cruel misfortune.

But at last there arose a man with whom the plight of the lepers was not, as it must have been with most people, a thought from which to turn shudderingly away, but one to be faced and fought, one of those men to whom pity means the expression of it in the form of

service, and who feel that the more poignant the tragedy to others, the more urgent the call to themselves

He was Joseph de Veuster, a Belgian, born at Tremoloo, near Louvain, and educated for an ordinary business career, but who at the age of eighteen decided instead to lead the religious life and entered an order of monks known as the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary, choosing—for it is customary for a monk to take a new name—that of Damien, and it was while he was still hardly more than a novice that he was sent out, in place of a brother who was prevented from going by illness, to a mission in the Hawaiian Islands

It seems strange that a setting so lovely as these fairy isles of the Pacific, lying like the 'Islands of the Blessed' bathed in golden sunshine, set in a sea blue and clear as a sapphire, and gay with the vivid colours of tropical birds and flowers, should have been for Damien the background of some of the saddest scenes imaginable and the scene of some of the hardest and most terrible labours ever undertaken. But so it was to prove, for he found that over all the brilliancy and beauty lay the grim shadow of leprosy, which was terribly rife in the islands, and the thought of the fate of its miserable victims so moved him that he felt that the highest service he could render as a monk, and the most complete self-sacrifice he could make, would be to go down into this lowest depth of human misery and work for and among these most wretched of mankind. So in 1873 he went to the island of Molokai, to which the Government of Honolulu had all its lepers sent to

separate them from people who were still healthy to devote his life to rescue work among them

There is a portrait of Father Damien still in existence and it shows not as one might expect the face of an old man worn by age and the wisdom of experience and turning his back at the last on a world of which he was weary, that he might do the last good deed of which he was capable before his end came—and still less that of a madman it is on the contrary a young strong and beautiful face with a sweet mouth and quiet steadfast eyes. Father Damien made his supreme sacrifice not at the end of life but when he still had all to offer that a man might give—youth health beauty personal ambition—all that life and love and the world and its riches might have to offer to him a young man in the flower of his manhood with his life still before him. He renounced it all chose instead the hardest life imaginable and himself still untainted went voluntarily to outlaw himself among the outcasts in a leper colony there to take up what must have been about the grimdest task any man ever set himself to do and the heaviest cross any man ever willingly bore.

What he found when he got to Molokai must have been fully as terrible as he had anticipated when he made his great resolve possibly it was even worse—his imagination may have been hardly able to conjure up all the horrors implied in those days by the word Leprosy. But undismayed he set to work and never flinched step by step he fought the dread enemy with which he had come like a brave knight to do battle—and won he could not cure the disease—it was in those

days accounted incurable—but at least he could, and did, do much to make the fate of those on whom it had laid its hold less hard. Year by year, this noblest of Good Samaritans toiled among those from whom others turned shrinkingly away, caring not only for their minds but for their bodies—ready when need was to stoop to the humblest tasks, such as working with his own hands at the mending of drains or the improving of water-supplies—and also striving to bring such brightness and interest as was still possible into the lepers' blighted lives, tending the sick, helping the dying, teaching, praying, comforting, and setting such an example of courage and endurance as inspired some of them to face with fortitude even such a lot as theirs.

For the first five years he worked *alone* on the leper island. Think what that means! He was alone and unaided—the one sound man among people all the rest of whom were lepers, without one living soul to assist him in his great work of helping the helpless. But undaunted, he took up single-handed the task which might well have seemed beyond any one man's strength, and at the end of those first five years help came—other devoted missionaries began to come to his aid—and then, not only were his labours lightened, but he knew that his work was succeeding and would be carried on when he was gone—could say to himself, like the explorer in Kingsley's *Water Babies* 'Many will come in my wake who dared not have shown me the way!'

He was not spared abuse, evil stories were told about him, and Father Damien was roundly denounced by people who ought to have been proud to honour him.

But he found a staunch defender in Robert Louis Stevenson who took up the cudgels in his defence to good purpose in his writings, and in the end the scandals died a natural death, as sooner or later such talk does, and even at the time it is doubtful how much they were able to affect Father Damien or how much he cared. After all it was not the outside world or its opinion of him which he valued and that he got what he did care for—the love and gratitude of those for and among whom he worked—we can hardly doubt.

He must have known so well the full extent of the price he might have to pay for what he was doing and that it must almost inevitably be paid in full that probably it was no great shock to him, so well prepared was he when at last there came a day when he found that some boiling water he had accidentally splashed on to himself did not hurt him, and guessed what that numbness meant although he went to the mission doctor (for there was now proper medical attendance for the lepers at the colony—Father Damien had seen to that) and asked for a verdict, he must have known what it was bound to be.

I hate to tell you the doctor told him reluctantly, but—yes—'

From that time onwards Father Damien spoke of himself and his congregation together as we lepers.

He still continued his work as long as the terrible disease he had contracted would let him do so and he died at his post at the leper colony a man who had—if ever in this world a man had done so—endured to the end.

But his work lived on after him—his work, and his fame; for he who as a young man buried himself and his talents in a leper colony and renounced, as part of his sacrifice, all personal ambition and the hope of making himself a grand name, goes down to posterity as one of the world's noblest saints and most daring pioneers.

For that was what he was—a gallant pioneer. Others have been found to carry on the work he began—to this day noble men and women are giving up their lives to helping lepers—but they only follow where Father Damien led; the ground they tread was broken by him, and it was he who blazed the trail.

The curse of leprosy still remains one of the tragedies of the world, but at least everything possible is now done to soften the lot of its victims. Leper colonies are no longer the places of horror and despair they once were, they are places of order and cleanliness, and even to some extent of cheerfulness, where devoted doctors and nurses do all they can to lessen the sufferings of the victims, and devoted teachers to enlighten their minds, where the leper finds, not as heretofore the backs of his fellow-men turned shudderingly upon him, but friendly hands put out to help.

And there is an end now in sight of which Father Damien would hardly have dared to dream, for this dread disease, supposed in his day to be a hopelessly incurable scourge, has been proved by modern science to be both preventable and curable, by a treatment of injections, not only can those at present free be safeguarded (somewhat after the fashion of vaccination against smallpox), but even people who have already

fallen victims can if the disease is taken in time in its early stages be entirely cured. The curse is being lifted.

Father Damien did not live to see the triumph even now only beginning but he lived long enough to be sure that not for nothing had he given to his fellow-men the greatest gift that a man can give—himself—to see that others were beginning to follow where he had led and to know that terrible though his life and death had voluntarily been he had neither lived nor died in vain.

THE EVER-OPEN DOOR

(Story of Dr Barnardo)

'No destitute child ever refused admission'

That is the watchword of the Barnardo Homes—and no one who realizes that when Charles Dickens drew characters such as, for instance, Jo the crossing-sweeper in *Bleak House*, he was drawing from life, and telling no more than the dreadful truth about what happened to city waifs in those days, can fail to see how beautiful and wonderful it is, but not every one knows that when Dr Thomas Barnardo, the founder of the Homes, made that resolution, which he never afterwards failed to keep, that his door should be an ever-open one from which no child in need should ever be turned away, his great work was little more than a dream and its funds hardly existed—that he made it in sheer faith that help must and would come, as come it did, and still does.

At the time when he found his first waif-child and began to see that that way, and no other, lay the work he was best fitted to do, he already knew that he meant to devote his life to some form or other of service for others. He was then quite a young man, and had come up to London from his home in Dublin, where he was born in 1845, to qualify himself as a doctor, with a view to going out to China as a medical missionary, but so eager was he to start his mission-work that he could not wait for that, but used in the time he could spare from his studies to go down into the slums, superintend

a ragged school, and preach not only at street corners, but in dens which the police warned him not to risk entering but although at first he was often insulted and maltreated, by degrees he so won the hearts of the roughs to whom he talked that the very men who had robbed or assaulted him would come back afterwards and beg his pardon 'Ad we known you was Dr Barnardo we wouldn't ha' touched you, sir'

He used often to visit the poor lodging-houses where homeless men and boys found shelter, cheap enough, but so vile and filthy that it was almost worse than none, and soon he was constantly at the bedsides of the slum-dwellers not as observer, friend, or missionary, but as doctor—for in 1866 came the great outbreak of cholera in London, and Barnardo with his medical student's training, was down in Stepney in the thick of the fight against it What he then saw, and had already seen, in the poorest quarters of the city, made him feel more and more that not far away in China, but in the slums close at hand lay his mission-field, and a couple of years later, the offer of a thousand pounds to found a home for waif and stray children helped him to decide to stay in England

He was already doing something for poor children, for in addition to what he had done for the ragged school he had opened a little mission room for boys—who always filled it to overflowing—where those who could not read could hear fine stories read aloud, and one cold winter's night a half-starved looking little lad, barefooted and dressed in threadbare rags, begged to be allowed to stay there by the fire Why didn't he go home to his mother? 'Got no mother Got no father.

Don't live nowhere Got no friends,' he said, in answer to the doctor's questions Were there more homeless boys like him? 'Oh, yessir! Lots on 'em--more'n I could count'

Barnardo, deeply shocked and moved, and not knowing how much to believe, took the boy, Jim Jarvis, to a coffee-stall and gave him a meal, in return for which Jim undertook to let him see for himself boys sleeping out in the open in that savage weather, and leading him to some outhouses near Houndsditch, showed him boys sleeping in the gutter of an iron roof covered only by their rags, and asked 'Shall I show you another lay, sir?—there's lots more'

But Barnardo had seen enough, his work was found—he knew now what he had to do

The very next night, he unexpectedly found himself called upon to speak at a public meeting, and seizing his opportunity, spoke most touchingly of the pitiful sight he had witnessed the night before, one of his audience—a little maid-servant—being moved by his speech to give him, as the first public subscription he ever received, her savings, amounting to sixpence halfpenny, all in farthings

Another sequel was an invitation to Barnardo to dine with Lord Shaftesbury, the statesman who did such noble work in putting down the practice of employing children in factories There were fifteen guests at the dinner, and after it Lord Shaftesbury, having led round to the subject of waifs, asked Barnardo—perhaps feeling as doubtful of his story as he himself had at first been of Jim Jarvis's—if he could take them, there

and then to some such haunt of homeless boys as he had described.

The doctor accepting the challenge took them straight to a certain 'blind alley' in Billingsgate called 'Queen's Shades' where were masses of piled up goods and 'empties covered with tarpaulins. No sign of boyhood was to be seen—but Barnardo who knew the place, pulled out from under the tarpaulins a little frightened, sleepy ragamuffin, and told him to bring out any other boys who were there, with the result that soon seventy-three ragged lads many of them the merest children stood before Lord Shaftesbury and his guests—proof positive of the grim truth of what Barnardo had told them! They were all taken to the nearest coffee shop for a good meal, and while he watched them Lord Shaftesbury whispered to Barnardo 'All London shall know of this!'

Soon after, Barnardo opened his first Home (of which he afterwards wrote 'It had no capital—it was opened in defiance of all the rules of earthly prudence. It had not a penny in the bank, nor the prospect of a shilling'), with the objects partly of providing good lodging for boys in work and partly of rescuing little 'strays' like Jim Jarvis—Jim himself having already been provided for and he also took a public house in Stepney and turned it into a people's mission-church and the first 'coffee palace in England.'

Not long after the Home was opened Barnardo came across a poor little destitute lad called John Somers—or more often 'Carrots,' from the colour of his hair—who begged to be taken in, but to whom as the Home was then full he could only promise a bed

in a week's time, but long before the week was up, poor 'Carrots' had no more need of help—he was found dead from exposure and starvation. That tragedy made Dr Barnardo resolve that from that time forth the door of his Home should be one from which no child in need should ever be turned away.

In 1873 Dr Barnardo found, in the woman he then married, a lifelong helper and partner in his great work, and as it then became possible for him to take in little homeless girls as well as boys, he took Mosford Lodge near Ilford, and opened it as his first Girls' Home. But by degrees he came to realize that such large Homes were too barrack-like to be really home-like, natural places in which to bring up children, and thought out a plan of having, instead of one big Home, a number of small ones, with only a few children in each, although as yet he had not the funds to get such a scheme started.

As it was necessary to appeal to the public for money, he used from time to time to go about to different places lecturing on his rescue-work, and one morning, when he had the night before been giving one of these talks, and was getting up, in his bedroom at the cheap hotel in which he had spent the night, a knock came at his door. It opened slightly, and a voice outside said 'Excuse me, sir, but is your name Barnardo? Well, I was at your lecture last night, and heard what you said about a scheme for starting a Village Home for Girls. You want some cottages?'

'Yes,' Barnardo breathlessly assured him. 'Yes!'

'Well,' the unknown voice went on, 'I only wanted to

say, put me down for the first cottage!"—and with that the door was closed and footsteps were heard retreating.

Out of the blue, as it were, had come an offer, not merely of a subscription, but of a whole cottage—an offer which would mean that the castle in the air could straightway become a reality—and now the would be donor had gone away, without having left either his name or address!

It was no moment to consider appearances, in desperation Barnardo flung to the winds all thought of the spectacle he would present, in his scanty attire, if he met any one, and half-dressed as he was rushed frantically down the long hotel corridors after his intending benefactor, just managed to catch him as he was leaving the hotel, insisted upon his coming back, and heard from him how he and his wife wanted to do something in memory of a daughter they had lost and thought she could have no better memorial than the first cottage at the Girls' Home.

It was obtained forthwith, and there now stands at Barkingside, near Ilford, set among flowery gardens, not one, but a whole village full of trim, bright cottages, each with its 'family' of little girls under their own 'mother' or matron, while at Woodford Bridge, three miles away, is the boys' garden city, run on the same lines.

But the Village Homes are only two branches of the great spreading—and still growing—tree of Barnardo work. There is the emigration scheme, through which every year hundreds of carefully picked boys and girls—nearly all of whom do thoroughly well—are sent out to Canada and Australia and placed in carefully selected houses the boarding out system, by which little destitute

children become members of the families of respectable people living in the country—a plan which has proved highly successful; the naval branch, represented by the Watts Naval Training School at Elmham, in Norfolk, where three hundred boys at a time lead a splendid, healthy life and are educated and trained for the navy, and the Young Helpers' League, which helps so many more prosperous children to learn the joy of 'going shares' in happiness.

All these schemes, and more, were thought out, and set going, by Dr. Barnardo in the course of his shortened lifetime—for he literally worked himself to death in the cause. But before he died in 1905 he knew that he had lived to see his great end achieved—that henceforth there would be in the world one Ever-open Door which no destitute child would ever find shut.

All the world mourned Dr Barnardo. In his life he had been, like most reformers, sometimes abused, but at his death, the greatest in the land spoke in his praise, and there was scarcely a paper that did not write in his honour. *Punch* published a memorial poem

'Suffer the little children'—so He spake,
And in His steps that true disciple trod,
Lifting the helpless ones, for love's pure sake,
Up to the arms of God

But of all the tributes paid him, he would probably have liked none better than the comment of little bare-footed ragamuffins who gave their halfpennies for flowers for his grave "E was a friend to us chaps."

He was; perhaps the best and greatest Friend of Children there has ever been.

'THE CHIEF'

(Story of Prebendary Carlile)

'The Chief!'

That is what the workers of the Church Army call their head, Prebendary Carlile 'The dear old Chief!'

If age be counted simply by birthdays he may rightly be called 'old' literally as well as endearingly, for he is well up in the eighties, but as for being old in any other way—well, his hair may be snowy and his face somewhat lined but none the less he still can, and does, not only get through an enormous amount of work in connection with his great charitable organization, but also conduct special religious services which last for about three hours, in the course of a single one of which he preaches, not merely one, but several sermons, besides playing the cornet in the intervals and at the end shaking hands with as many of his crowded congregations as will let him—so he must still have plenty of youthful energy left!

Indeed, it is not surprising to find him blessed with more than the common share of energy and vitality, when we look at the tremendously widespread branches of Church Army work and reflect that they have all come into being through the driving force of this one man in his own lifetime, indeed in less than a lifetime—for Carlile did not begin his career as a *turner*, but as an ordinary business man, trying like

any other to make his fortune.

befell him—or rather one of those so-called 'misfortunes' which turn out blessings in disguise, he suffered a ruinous business disaster and, at almost the same time, a long illness. But the failure of his worldly ambitions set him thinking, the enforced inaction of illness gave him time and quiet to do so, and the upshot was that—largely through the influence of his aunt, Miss Carlile, a deeply religious lady—he came to feel that he wanted to do something higher and nobler, and that nothing he could do would be enough unless he were to devote the whole of his life and self to work for others.

Unlike many young men and women who feel within them the call to missionary work, he did not aspire to rush off to the other side of the world to do it among the heathen. He believed that there lay close to his hand, in the slums of his own country, a field wide enough for the best work that he could do.

Like Dr Barnardo, he began his ministry by preaching at street corners in the poorer parts of London, and the loafers to whom he talked often treated him rudely enough, once, indeed, a rough in the crowd knocked him down and so maltreated him that he was invalided for six months. When he was only beginning to recover, a police officer called to inform him that his assailant had been captured, and that he would be expected to prosecute him. Carlile flatly and utterly refused to do so.

'Well, but sir,' the bewildered officer of the law protested, 'what *do* you want us to do with him then?'

'Bring him here to see me,' Carlile urged. 'I want to talk to him, I want to love him back to God!' And then, with kindling eyes and voice vibrating with

cagerness, he added 'Why, don't you see? if the man's got all that much energy and enthusiasm to put on the side of the devil—and if only we can get hold of him and win him over on to *our* side—what a convert he'll make!'

So, indeed, it was to prove, Carlile did see his brutal assailant did 'love him back,' did 'win him over.' That man afterwards became one of the most successful missionary workers in the whole of the Church Army.

It was not only Carlile himself, but also the little band of eager helpers he soon got together and began to form into the army with which he meant to fight against want and wickedness, who found themselves abused and ill-treated by the very people they were trying to help, but they soon began to win their way, for it was impossible for the slum dwellers to resist for long people who so plainly only wanted to hold out helping hands to them and be their friends in need.

One of the first branches of the work to be started—and to this day one of the most important—was that of providing night-shelters for the homeless. Sometimes these shelters get so full to overflowing that, rather than that people with nowhere else to go should be turned away, room has to be found for them simply anywhere—even in the chapels, but to any bewildered protests from 'down and outs,' surprised at finding themselves being given food and lodging in such surroundings. But, sir, this 'cre's a church!'—the Chief and his helpers have but one quiet answer 'Why not?'

They do not merely open their doors and wait for the homeless to come to them—they go out and find them,

night after night, members of the Army are out scouring places like the Thames Embankment for destitute people they can help. Sometimes, of course, it may happen that the results are discouraging, as for instance when an Army helper in plain clothes was mistaken by a man to whom he was talking for a fellow-tramp and solemnly warned by him against ever making the mistake of going to a Church Army shelter—"or they'll make yer do a job o' *work* in the mornin' afore they lets yer go!"—it being a splendid rule of the Church Army that whenever possible work shall be given rather than charity and that those who have no money to give for their food and lodging shall be able to pay for it by labour and so keep their self-respect. But sometimes, on the other hand, touching things happen. One cold, wet winter's night a Church Army helper found a boy—a mere lad of not more than sixteen—huddled up shiveringly on a seat where, despite the weather, he evidently meant to pass the night. He got into friendly converse with him: why didn't he go home?—had he nowhere to go?—well, then, why not come along to one of the Church Army shelters?—he could get a night's clean lodging there, and warmth, and food.

But the boy, although plainly attracted by the bait held out, was not to be persuaded. "Y' see, sir," he demurred, "I wouldn't go, not without me pal, an I don't think as ov they'd take 'im."

"You bet they would!" the Church Army worker genially reassured him, looking round in expectation of seeing some other destitute lad. "Wiv, where's your pal?"

For answer, the boy drew from under his own threadbare coat—a little puppy

"E's me pal, sir!" he explained

It goes without saying that food and shelter were promptly found, both for the puppy and its faithful master

But these night-shelters are only one of the very many—still spreading—branches of Church Army work. There are all sorts of other institutions—mission halls, social centres, soup kitchens, clothes depots, sanitoriums where the sick can be cured, holiday homes where the weary can rest—everything that can be thought of

Of course it is not always any too easy to find the funds needed to carry on all this work. The public are always having to be asked for subscriptions both in money and kind, and it sometimes happens that these appeals, or the responses to them, can be rather funny. Quite lately a meeting was held at which appeals were made for various articles of which different Church Army branches were especially in need and there was one which might have been phrased a trifle more happily: "The sister at the — Home wants a bath!"

That happened at Hastings—for Church Army work is no longer confined, as it was when the Army was first started, to the slums of cities, it has spread in all directions, and most especially to the healthy seaside towns which are felt to be such ideal spots, whether for bringing up orphan children, nursing invalids back to health, or giving tired mothers and sun-starved slum-children a happy time.

They are jolly places, these Holiday Homes—for the

workers there, as well as the guests. The present writer personally knew one dear little lady—in appearance the ideal fairy godmother!—who was Sister-in-Chief at one of them, and so loved the work there that she could not be induced to give it up, although her relations, who thought it was too much for her (as indeed it was—her health finally obliged her to let herself be transferred to another kind of Home where there was less to do), were always entreating her to do so, when Christmas came round (which they knew would be especially arduous for her, with a rush of slum-people coming to the Home), they became extra urgent—wouldn't she at all events come home for the Christmas holidays and rest?

Desert her post at Christmas!—not she! Off she hurried to the nearest post office and sent back a telegram 'Cannot deprive myself of the pleasure.' We may be sure that that was a thoroughly 'festive season' at the Holiday Home, both for her and her guests!

Indeed, however low funds may be (and in these difficult times it is sometimes extremely hard for the Army to 'make both ends meet'), Father Christmas never fails to come faithfully to the Homes, and always has something for everybody. Once, however, there was a little slum-boy who tried to reverse the order of things and do the giving himself—a most topsy-turvy turning of the tables!

It was at a Church Army children's Christmas-tree party, when the children had been asked not to make too much noise, so that 'Father Christmas,' who had a

bad cold shouldn't have to talk too loudly and make himself hoarse. Shortly after one of the helpers felt a tug at his sleeve and saw a very small ragamuffin looking up at him with an anxious face and holding out a very sticky parcel.

"I sy mister he said eagerly don't yer fink these ere jujubes might do Farver Christmas's froat good?"

They were his one and only little present off the tree and very possibly (for he was the poorest of the poor) the only Christmas present he had had at all but—well Father Christmas had a cold and he wanted to do something for him and although those few sweets were all he had to give anyhow he'd got them—

That story must surely have been very much after the heart of the dear old Chief when he heard it! For that is just the sort of giving upon which he has founded the whole work of the Church Army all its wonderful achievements have been in the main accomplished not by rich people to whom giving is easy but by poor ones who like the little slum child wanting to doctor Father Christmas with his jujubes just did whatever they could and gave the little they had which was their all—gave in fine *themselves*—just as Prebendary Carlie himself did when he dedicated his life to service of the poor and needy hardly daring then perhaps to dream of how his work begun so simply in the slums would grow and grow until it spread as it is still spreading all over the world.

'A VERY GALLANT GENTLEMAN'

(*Story of Captain Oates*)

FROM the moment when, as tiny nursery children, we first pictured Father Christmas jingling over the snow in his toy-laden reindeer-sledge, until at last he mysteriously landed on our roof and came clambering down the chimney into our night-nursery to fill our stockings, most of us have felt rather fascinated by the idea of the snow-bound far-away lands from which we imagined him to come. Many older boys and girls, grown too big to believe in Father Christmas, have been taken to see *Peter Pan* and have delighted in the dear little Eskimos, like baby bears, in their great fur suits, creeping into their snow huts, have read Kiplings story about the white seal playing and sleeping on the frozen beach.

Where bellow meets bellow, there soit be thy pillow—

Oh weary wee flippering, curl at thy casel—

The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake thee,

Asleep in the arms of the slow-swinging seas—

and how he grew up to have such exciting adventures, and have seen, at the Zoological Gardens, real live seals, as well as other creatures of the snows, such as the polar bears, and the delightful little penguins, which look so exactly like a lot of pompous little gentlemen in the neatest of dress-suits that it is almost impossible to

look at them without laughing and have also learnt from their lesson books more about the frozen lands of the Arctic and Antarctic and the lives of the people who live there and have fancied the splendour of the northern lights or aurora borealis blazing across the wastes of ice and snow It is all very attractive to think about largely because it is all so utterly different from the setting of our own lives

Nor is it only boys and girls who feel the attraction of the Arctic regions Grown men have also felt it so strongly that some of them have set out to explore at the risk of their lives these ice bound lands and to try to find the mysterious North and South Poles and solve their mystery and among these were Captain Scott and a band of fellow explorers including Captain Oates of the Inniskilling Dragoons who had already known danger and adventure as he had served in the South African War and who was destined on this Polar expedition to end his life in a way which causes him to rank among England's heroes

By no means all the men who accompanied Captain Scott to the Antarctic regions went with him to the South Pole Wishing to explore as widely as they could they separated into parties some going north some west Scott himself going due south aiming at the Pole and taking with him only four companions —Dr Wilson a zoologist and artist the chief of the scientific staff Petty Officer Evans in charge of sledges and equipment Lieutenant Bowers of the Royal Indian Marine and Captain Oates who was in charge of the sledge and dogs

These five men attained their object, they reached the South Pole in January 1912, but they never came back.

As they did not rejoin their companions when they were looked for to return to the place appointed, Hut Point, Surgeon Atkinson, the head of the western party, fearing they might be in difficulties, sent to their assistance Mr Cherry Garrard and the dog-driver, Dirutri, with two dog-teams—unable himself to accompany them, as he had to stay behind and take care of a member of the party, Lieutenant Evans, who had fallen seriously ill.

The relief-party got as far as 'One Ton Depot,' but was then forced to return, as the weather was bad and they had insufficient food for the dogs, which were moreover in poor condition after the strain of their winter's work, and they arrived back at Hut Point in a sorry state, both the men ill and most of the dogs frost-bitten.

Surgeon Atkinson then, together with Petty Officer Keohane, set out on his sledge and despite the weather got as far as another depot, 'Corner Camp,' but was then obliged to return, and the following month he made a brave attempt to relieve the northern party under Lieutenant Campbell succeeding in reaching 'Butter Point,' but being there stopped by open water, and finding great difficulty in getting back, owing to the sea ice breaking up.

Finally a large and well-organized search-party set out from Cape Evans, the base where the ship the *Terra-Nova* was waiting to take the explorers back to

ship, help one another, and meet death with as great fortitude as ever in the past. Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman.

The searchers, finding they had come too late to save the southern party, turned northwards and directed their efforts to the relief of Lieutenant Campbell, but on reaching Hut Point, they heard to their relief that the northern party had returned in safety to the expedition's base at Cape Evans, after enduring great hardships, surmounting untold difficulties, and spending the long winter, living chiefly on seal-meat and blubber, in an igloo they had themselves built in a snow-drift.

Before the explorers, after doing some valuable scientific work, finally embarked on the *Terra-Nova* for home they erected, on Observation Hill overlooking the Great Ice Barrier, a large cross to the memory of Captain Scott and the brave comrades who like him had laid down their lives.

The papers rang with the tale of Scott and his ill-fated expedition. England was proud and eager to do honour to his memory and that of all those who like him had perished and to fulfil his trust in caring for their descendants, and a famous artist painted a picture of a lone explorer staggering out into a blinding blizzard and wrote beneath it 'A Very Gallant Gentleman'—a phrase which will be associated with Captain Oates for evermore.

His body was never found, although when the search-party buried Scott and his companions in the tent where

they had found them, they searched all round for the remains of the man who had walked out to meet his end in the blizzard. But they built a cairn to his memory, and left a record, knowing that somewhere in the Great White Silence of the Antarctic wastes there lay, in a silence and stillness deep as that of the snow, a Very Gallant Gentleman.

I MASTER OF FATE

(Story of Sir Arthur Pearson)

For many years before the Great War broke out in 1914 the famous journalist Sir Arthur Pearson was adding to his work of editing *Pearson's* and the Royal magazines and other publications the social work of doing a great deal through their pages to help the British Fund which provides country holidays for blind children.

Then in the midst of his busy life a misfortune fell him which seemed as if it might well put an end to all his activities he went blind.

But it turned out that very blindness combined with his own amazing courage was to help him when war came to do his greatest work of all—that of translating and directing with the understanding which a man who was himself sightless could have had—but being given to soldiers blinded in the war.

You bestow the poet Henley himself an incurable invalid now completely crippled and suffering had written a short poem in which he thanked the gods for the fact that for all the worst that fate or circumstance could do he still was and would remain unbroken in spirit ending with the lines:

I still trust in my fate
I will triumph over you all!

And he 'builded better than he knew'—for although that poem, which no doubt the poet intended not only to express how he himself had had the courage to rise triumphant above his own hard lot, but to be an inspiration to others who like himself had to face terrible misfortunes, was not really intended to refer literally and especially to that of blindness, yet when the war came, and brought with it, among its many tragedies, that of a host of war-blinded soldiers who had to be helped to take up life anew under their terrible disablement, the opening lines—'Out of the night that covers me, Black as the pit from pole to pole'—seemed so extraordinarily appropriate to the blind, and the spirit of it—'I am the master of my fate'—was so exactly that at which Sir Arthur Pearson, as the head of the great relief-work being organized for men who had lost their sight in the war, was aiming, that he chose it to express his own and his fellow-workers' ideal in their 'school song' of St Dunstan's Hostel for blinded soldiers.

That is one thing which helped to inspire St Dunstan's to be the wonderful place it was, and, in another way, more inspiring still must have been the fact that its head, Sir Arthur Pearson, was himself completely blind.

Think of it! At the time when he was making himself the organizer and moving spirit of that great national work for the blinded victims of the war, he himself could see no more than the men for whom he was working.

But (as often happens with supremely brave people) the misfortune which might have crushed him had he

let it do so became fact as he faced it, what best helped him to do his great work. For one thing, it enabled him, as has been said, to understand, as no one without the insight of personal experience could possibly have done, what the needs and difficulties of the blind were, and for another, it enabled him to speak on the subject of blindness with an authority which no one could dispute. His ideals of courage were so high that had someone with good sight maintained, as he did, that blindness although of course a great misfortune, was not a hopeless or crushing one and should not be treated as such the blinded soldiers might well have questioned or resented his statement seeing that it was easy for someone who knew nothing about it to talk like that, but they could not resent it when a man as sightless as they were themselves said to them in effect 'Because you are blind, your life is not therefore over. You are disabled, but you are not crushed only handicapped and if you will let me, I will show you how to conquer that handicap, as I myself have done.' They knew he practised what he preached, and that whatever claims he chose to make, he proved them all, and more than all, by the example he himself set.

There have been other organizations for the blind before the war brought the need of St Dunstan's, but never surely, one which so gallantly set at defiance the literal 'powers of darkness,' and so staunchly, so almost gaily, insisted that even in unending darkness a man could still make good. That blindness was a handicap, but it was nothing more, and as such could be got over, was what Sir Arthur set himself to show. There would

be great difficulties, of course—even he could not deny that—but they must be surmounted, that was all, as Henley's poem declares, 'It matters not how strait the gate'—there is always some way out

How thoroughly he proved his point may be gathered from the almost unbelievable achievements of some of the men trained at St Dunstan's; it is, for instance, on record that men trained for poultry-farming can run after chickens and catch them, although the escaping chicken can see and they cannot!—and no one who has seen exhibitions of things such as basket-work by St Dunstan's men can dispute that no one with the keenest eyesight could possibly do it better

There was no 'war charity' to which more enthusiastic public support was given than St Dunstan's; funds came pouring in, and it was well for Sir Arthur that it was so, for the generous supplies enabled him to pet and 'spoil' his blinded men as he liked to do. It was not enough for him that they should have every necessity, he wanted them to have every luxury and indulgence as well, and to gratify their slightest whim. Sometimes, of course, his kindness was apt to be rather abused; the present winter has, for instance, been told with some amusement by a VAD who worked at St Dunstan's, that some of the men who usually seemed to consider themselves too ill for ordinary regulation meals and had to be cosseted with special invalid delicacies, on days when there happened to be roast pork for dinner seemed to forget all about their ailments and could manage second helpings—which only shows that even gallant soldiers can sometimes be very like

greedy schoolboys! But Sir Arthur used to opine that for men who had sacrificed all, as St Dunstan's soldiers had in the war nothing was too good—and who would wish to contradict him?

It was not only with money that the public came flocking to the standard of St Dunstan's. There was no lack of hard-working helpers either. Among them was a young girl, herself quite blind who begged to be allowed to teach the soldiers what she herself had learnt feeling sure she could do so better than any one who could see. The experiment was made, and it was found that the girl was right—she could understand and reach the sightless far better than those with sight. She became one of the ablest teachers at St Dunstan's. A mistress of fate!

The cheerfulness of the place was incredible. No one who had seen, for instance, the men dancing with their nurses in the evenings would have believed that they were all either partially or completely, blind. But gloom was the last thing to be encouraged at St. Dunstan's. The courage and endurance of one inspired another—and Sir Arthur, in his own blindness, inspired them all.

The work of organizing St Dunstan's came at the end of his career and as the crowning of a hard-worked life. He lived to see this, his greatest work, well established but not much longer.

At the time of his death, a pretty incident occurred at St Dunstan's. A girl typist was typing out some business papers in connection with the hostel, and a worker who was looking over them said to her, 'Look

here—this won't do You've made a slip here'—and pointed out to her that in one place she had accidentally put 'S-t' instead of 'S-i-r,' thus making not 'Sir,' but 'Saint,' Arthur Pearson

The girl looked, and smiled 'Well,' she said softly, 'so he is!'

It was very shortly after, that they learned at St Dunstan's that the man who had, with the poet, 'thanked whatever gods there be' for the 'unconquerable soul' of which, even in unbroken darkness, he was still captain, had ended his work

'FOR VALOUR'

(Story of Wright V.C.)

V.C.!

Probably there is no joining of letters of the alphabet, with what they imply—M.A., Master of Arts, M.D., Doctor of Medicine, and so forth—so glorious in the eyes of most people and most especially of boys and girls as V.C., Victoria Cross.

There are other rewards for gallantry in plenty—the Royal Humane Society's medal, for instance, but somehow none of them so thrills the senses and stirs the imagination as does the idea of the V.C. It may be partly because added to the thrill of the deed of derring-do by which the award was won is the excitement of its setting—the consciousness that it was performed under the war conditions of shot and shell and the thunder of the guns—and also because it is self evident that something done under the circumstances of battle, as it were in competition with the courage of other men all taking the risks of war and 'facing fearful odds,' and yet notable enough to be rewarded with a decoration inscribed with the words 'For Valour,' must have been so outstanding as to be the very essence of bravery.

In what we call pre-war days—that is to say, in the days when men still thought of war as a more or less local horror, and had still to learn what an almost world-wide war would mean—there was rather a temptation, especially among those of us who were

still too young to know very much about real life and inclined to think of it as closely resembling our books of make-believe adventure-stories, to picture a V.C. hero in a somewhat swaggering light, and to fancy him as a gallant, emblazoned figure, waving a sword and declaiming, 'Onward, brave lads, for king and country!' very much as he might have done in peacetime on the amateur-theatrical stage—somebody, in fact, thoroughly in keeping with the fine, thrilling, picturesque thing we were prone to imagine war to be, in the times before the modern war practice of dropping bombs on women and children, prisoners and hospitals, had shown up the war-god as the arrant coward we now know him to be. War, where Young England was concerned, kept its distance in those days, and, as distance lends enchantment, could easily be viewed in the exciting light of wild cavalry charges and colours kept flying, and not as the sordid business of mud and disgustingness, horror and wastage, long years of trench warfare close at hand, that it really is, and so long as we were able to look on fighting as a kind of glorified military tournament, we naturally wanted our war heroes to match.

But now, in these post-war days, when there are so many more VCs than there ever were before, there is much less likelihood of our wanting to endow them with swashbuckling qualities more suited to pirates or highwaymen—we know too much about it, nowadays, when so many boys and girls can proudly claim a father, uncle, or old family friend who is entitled to wear the little bit of plain red ribbon which still ranks as one of

doing it under a rain of shot and shell and liable to be hit at any moment themselves

Then again, what incredible courage has sometimes been shown, not only by those who minister to the wounded, but by the wounded themselves; men who, shattered and torn, suffering torture and perhaps dying, have yet refused to give in or to let themselves be helped, stuck to their posts, and 'carried on.' Not all such heroes are actually rewarded with the Victoria Cross—when so many are heroic, some are bound to be overlooked, but all have earned it

Then consider special cases of heroism, take, for instance, that of the man who brought down the first Zeppelin. What wonderful daring, when—as though a sparrow were to attack an eagle—that young airman in his little plane gave battle to that great fearsome giant of the skies! Another case of David versus Goliath! But history repeated itself, for the German Goliath, which might have rained death and destruction on London, was itself brought down in flames.

Or again there have been officers who exposed themselves dauntlessly, with almost foolhardy recklessness, as an example to their men, and a certain Scottish piper played his comrades to victory in fashion fully as thrilling as that of the drummer-boys in Kipling's *The Drums of the Fore and Aft*, and what have not men entrusted with dispatches dared, to get their messages through?

Sometimes outstanding courage seems, as the saying is, 'to run in families,' and a single family includes among its members more than one noted hero. Not only was Lord Roberts—little 'Bob,' perhaps the best-loved

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Sometimes outstanding courage seems, as the saying is, 'to run in families,' and a single family includes among its members more than one noted hero. Not only was Lord Roberts—little 'Bobs,' perhaps the best-loved

soldier in the whole British army—himself a V.C., but his son died gallantly in the South African War rescuing his guns, and was awarded the decoration after death. Verily, in homely phrase, a chip of the old block!'

It is impossible to give in detail each story of all the V.C.s of the Great War, but one instance may be told, and taken as typical—that of Wright, V.C., who fell early in the war and was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross.

He had gone out in command of a small company of sappers whose job was to blow up a bridge, with the object of checking the advance of the enemy by preventing them from crossing the river, but before their work was completed, the Germans were seen coming, in such numbers as must mean death or capture—that was to say death, for surrender without resistance was not to be thought of—for the little band of British Desperately they strove, working against time, to finish their task, but they failed—the mine for some reason did not explode—and all the while the enemy were drawing nearer nearer—

Wright saw that disaster was upon them He could see too but one way to prevent it—one way only by which he could save his men—

His men—but not himself

It should be borne in mind that, when he counted the cost of what he meant to do and made up his mind to do it he was still a young man, with his life before him and his young blood clamouring to live, and furthermore that he must have known the risk he thought of taking was more than a risk—that it meant a practical certainty of death—

For himself; but it meant life for those for whom he was responsible—

He ordered his men off the bridge, made them stand well back from it, and told them to stay where they were. Then he himself walked back alone on to the bridge—and fired his revolver into the mine at close range—

There was a terrific explosion, the bridge went to pieces—and Wright went with it

The advance of the enemy was checked, the little company of sappers got safely back to the trenches—but without their officer

Later, the name of Wright, VC, was added to England's Roll of Honour

There—that is a typical example of all that the little Maltese Cross stands for, typical not only in its dauntless courage, but in its utter unselfishness

For that is the spirit of VC heroism—service and self-sacrifice, the valour for which the medal is awarded is true courage, and not mere daring. A boy who boasted that he would, for instance, take the risk of jumping out of a high window, and did so, simply to show off, would be exhibiting courage of a sort, but we shouldn't admire him—we should merely think him vainglorious and foolhardy, a man who walks the tight-rope is taking appalling risks, but although we marvel at the strength of his nerve, we don't honour him as a hero, for we know that he is not acting from any high motive, but merely earning his living by means of a steady head, but the bravery of the VC is that of real chivalry—'gentle, very perfect knighthood'

SCOUTS AND GUIDES

(Story of Scout William E. Langan)

WHAT a strange, hurried exciting era this is in which we of the twentieth century live! How bewildering our great great grandparents—who knew of no means of travel faster than the horse coaches which compared with motor cars seem such jog trot conveyances, and no way of sending messages quicker than the post, which again could only travel by horses—would have found it! With its aeroplanes telegraphs, wireless messages, and all the other wonderful scientific inventions which seem more and more to be doing away with the separation of space, it is getting to be known as the Age of Speed, and surely there are few modern achievements more suited to such an age than the great Scout and Guide movement, which has sprung into being in so wonderfully few years and is still growing and spreading at such a tremendous pace.

It would be remarkable enough if it were the work of one lifetime, but it is not nearly that even—for the Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell, was already a famous and middle-aged man before he first started his Boy Scout scheme. Those familiar initials, B P, which stand not only for his name, but also for the scout motto, 'Be Prepared,' were already well known to the British public—even as long ago as the South African War, when he made such a gallant resistance in command

of the garrison shut up in the siege of Mafeking, the news of the relief of which was received over here with such a frenzy of delight that 'mafficking' has since been accepted as a slang word and used as a verb to express unrestrained riotous festivity.

Probably when 'B P.' first collected a few boy friends together and made them keen on the fascinating new game of 'scouting' which he had invented, he himself did not by any means realize all to which that game would lead, though he may for all we know have dared to dream and hope; but it was thought out by someone who really understood boys and girls as few other people have ever understood them, and it caught hold of the imaginations of the younger generation as no game had ever done before.

Nor was it only youngsters themselves to whom it appealed; 'grown-ups' also had the sense to see that something in which boys of all races all over the world could join, and which would make them feel themselves one jolly brotherhood and part of a great, marching, disciplined army, highly trained and equipped for the work, not of war, but of peace—this league of friendly helpfulness, the members of which went about looking for all the 'good turns' they could find to do and training themselves to be as capable and observant as possible that they might be better qualified to do them—this society whose motto was nothing high-flown but only the simple, common-sensical 'Be Prepared,' and whose 'knightly vow' was just 'I promise to do one good turn for someone every day'—was something fine, a big idea well worth encouraging, and were glad to let them

own boys join up perhaps wishing some of them that there had been something of the same sort in their own young days.

Before long not only the fathers and mothers uncles and aunts became interested but also the sisters and girl friends of the Boy Scouts began to feel that this new Great Game which their brothers and boy chums found so enthralling was something in which they themselves ought to have a share and as a matter of course—these being days when girls are just as adventurous and enterprising as boys and do things like flying alone across the Atlantic instead of merely stitching weekly away at their fancy work—they soon got what they wanted! The Guides were formed and proved themselves fully as keen and capable as the Scouts and as the smaller fry also wanted to be in it with their big brothers and sisters Wolf Cubs and Brownies were happily banded together as Scouts and Guides to be

To day there is hardly a country left in which the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movement has not taken root—hardly any sort of national procession in which we do not see the Scouts and Guides in their khaki and blue uniforms swinging smartly along proudly carrying their banners and when we look at their bright wide awake young faces and reflect that every one of the badges many of them wear on their sleeves stands for some test which has been passed and means that in some direction or another the wearer has proved his or her knowledge and efficiency we feel that these well trained boys and girls of to day ought to make splendid men and women of to morrow.

Indeed that the movement does make for a fine type of boy or girl is evinced not only by the badges and what they stand for, but still more by the stories connected with other Scout and Guide awards—most notably for the highest of all, the Cornwell Decoration (so named after Jack Cornwell, the first Boy Scout to win it) for 'Courage, Capability, and Character.'

It is a reward not easily won—indeed the Cornwell Decoration is spoken of also as 'the Scouts' V.C.' and is given only for real heroism. It was awarded last (indeed so lately that the notice in the daily papers appeared only a few days ago at the present time of writing) to Patrol Leader A. Bridges, of the 4th Cavershamton (Queen Mary's Hospital) Scout Group.

The Scouts' *Bulletin*, in making the announcement, went on to tell the story behind it.

No exciting record of one brief deed of daring, but the history of nine long years' unfailing courage and endurance, for during all that time Bridges had been a semi-helpless invalid.

But he no more gave way to his disability than did Anna Gurney, Sir Arthur Pearson, or any of the other disabled heroes and heroines of whom we have heard. In spite of everything, he was determined to live a real life, not a mere existence, and to live it as a Scout should; and in defiance of the heavy handicap under which he laboured, he yet managed somehow to pass his tests, so that at the time of the award he was already a Second-class Scout and well on the way to becoming a First-class.

Nor was that all—for his Group Scoutmaster, E. R.

Craig stated that it had been noticeable that Bridges's efforts had been devoted even more to helping his patrol through their tests than to trying to pass his own and to creating among them the cheerful spirit of which he himself set so striking an example.

It is not possible to chronicle here in full all the examples of Courage, Capability and Character with which it is connected but as in our chapter on the real Victoria Cross one such story may be told and taken as an instance—that of Scout William E Langar. In all the annals of the Scouts and Guides there is no record more wonderful than his.

In many and many a school in Britain to day there is a Roll of Honour on which is proudly recorded the names of old boys of the school who fell in the Great War but in one there is also a simple little memorial slab which tells how valiantly one of the pupils there—Scout William E Langar—did his bit in the war while still only a boy.

He was a Londoner and as such had been through many of the German air raids when people in the different districts used to take refuge in their appointed shelters such as the vaults under the great hotels. Langar himself had often been among these refugees waiting for the signal to sound that the raid was over while they herded together in the cellars and passages of a great printing house supposed to be one of the safest places in London.

But one night—destined to be William Langar's last—a bomb dropped by the raiders fell by a ghastly chance not on the roof of the printing house but down

the lift-shaft, exploding at the bottom among those who had taken refuge there; and to add to the horror, the gas-pipes were torn, so that almost instantly the top story was in a blaze, then the floor gave way, the heavy printing-presses crashed through on to the machinery below, which in turn broke through to the next floor, and so, gathering weight, right on to the basement where, in the black darkness and indescribable horror, the wounded and dying lay.

Soon fifty fire-engines were on the spot, furiously pumping water into the blazing building; but it had become a roaring furnace, from which it seemed impossible that any one could be got out alive.

Langar was at home and in bed when the alarm was sounded, and did not wake until the raid was over, when he did wake, he hastily jumped up, threw on some clothes, and ran off to his usual place of refuge, hoping to find some friend there and hear all about what had been happening—very likely regretting, boy-like (for he was not more than fifteen at most), that he had been 'out of it' for once and missed the adventure, and little knowing that his great and final adventure was about to come.

The glare of the flames must have told him as he approached the printing-works, that the horrors of the raid were not over; and when he reached the spot he found, not the familiar building, but a blazing inferno, ringed round with fire-engines desperately at work, and a despairing awe-stricken crowd and he and all else the same hopeless assertion. They can never get them out.'

Never get them out!"—a sudden recollection struck Langar a memory of how, during a recent raid, he and some of his comrades, amusing themselves by exploring among the passages down below had found an unexpected opening and some steps leading upwards. Might it not have been a back entrance?—and if so, might it not be a way of escape?

He might have told someone—a policeman or a fireman—of his idea but he did not. Langar was a Scout and it is a Scout's way to do one's own job oneself. He ran down two side streets, and there, at the back of the building found a little open door.

Through it he went and down the steps, chancing what he might find below—splashing into water, groping in pitchy darkness wondering what the strange thudding sounds as of things falling he heard above him might mean and still more what the awful silence round him meant—a silence it was frightening to break by shouting—

But it was broken by a pitiful cry, and guided by the voice, Langar found a little terror-stricken girl. Hoisting her on to his back, he struggled with her down the wet and slippery passage in the confusing darkness, up the steps and out into the blessed air and light of life.

If he had done that and nothing else he would have been the hero of the raid but no sooner had he seen the child safe than he turned and went back.

No less than five times in all did Langar make his descent into the horrors below! Four times he came back up the steps carrying a rescued child he had

delivered from death, and the fifth time he did not come back.

That last time he went furthest in—though he was wading waist-deep in water and half-choked with smoke and steam, and could hear great sections of the roof crashing down—found a girl of his own age, and started to carry her out, but he must have somehow become confused in the darkness, for he took a wrong turning, and found himself at the foot of some stairs which were not the right ones and did not lead to the exit; and before he could find his way back, the walls fell in.

It was not only Langar's relatives who were searching for him next day, among the searchers were four women—four mothers—who each told the same tale 'He saved my little girl's life.'

At the end of a week they found his body—lying in the passage, his hands still gripping the arm and dress of that fifth child he had tried to save.

Surely such an instance as that of 'Courage, Capability, and Character' makes us feel, if that is the Scout spirit, it may well be, in time to come, the Scouts and Guides who will 'sweep the cobweb out of the sky' and sound for this poor battered, wat-creamed old world the clarion-call which in the Great War the Scout bugle used to sound when the mighty an' tank were over.

'All clear!'

QUESTIONS & SUGGESTIONS

WORD OF HONOUR

1 Can you mention any other proverbs which seem to you as untrue and nonsensical as 'All's fair in love and war'? If so explain why you think them stupid

2 Why were the Romans at war with the Carthaginians? You can find out either in a Roman history or in *The Book of Golden Deeds*

3 To this day, if a boy shows exceptional grit about enduring pain without any fuss we call him 'a young Spartan', do you know why?

4 If you ever go to the National Gallery look for Turner's lovely picture of an imaginary Carthage from the sea (This is an imaginary Carthage—not the real city)

5 Explain what we mean when we say that two great friends are 'like Damon and Pythias'

AGAINST ODDS

1 Read Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* and try to get some of the 'lays' about Horatius by heart

2 Find out in Roman history why the kings were expelled from Rome

3 Horatius was the consul's nephew. What was a consul?

4 Where was Tuscany?

5 Tell in your own words the story of Horatius keeping the bridge

'THE FURY OF THE NORTHMEN'

1. What is a minstrel? Look up Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*
2. Draw a picture of a 'Long Serpent' ship
3. Look out on the map Sandwich, Ipswich, Maldon, and the River Blackwater
4. What was Danegeld?
5. You should read Longfellow's poem about Vikings, *The Saga of King Olaf*

FAITHFUL SERVICE

1. (a) How did Attalus come to be held a prisoner by the Frank, and (b) what was the cause of the revolt of the negroes on Haiti? You can find out in *The Book of Golden Deeds*
2. Look up Longfellow's poems, *The Slave's Dilemma*, and *The Slave in the Dismal Swamp*
3. Look out on the atlas Langres, Trèves, the Meuse, Rheims, Haiti, St Domingo, and Baltimore
4. What country in Europe is protected from the sea by dykes?

SIX 'GOOD MEN AND TRUE'

1. Read up in your history-book (at what Edward III's claim to the throne of France was, and [a] what happened in England while he was away besieging Calais)
2. What was the Prince of Wales nickname?
3. What did he take for his crest and motto? and how was the latter translated?

4 The present Prince of Wales has the same motto on the same crest mention anything you know him to have done which shows he is trying to live up to it

FAITH

1 Find out in your history book exactly how it was that the French and the English came to be at war

2 Look out on the map of France Lorraine Chalon Dierbous Orleans Jargeau Troyes Rheims La Rochelle Compiegne and Rouen

3 Look up Victor Hugo's description of what another great cathedral—not Rheims but Notre Dame—was like in the old days in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*

GENTLE VERY PERFECT KNIGHTHOOD

1 Which of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table do you think would have made the best Hospitaller and why?

2 Why did the Knights of the Order of St John first settle at Rhodes?

3 How does Tennyson describe the king's ideal knight? Look this up in the dedication of *Idylls of the King*

4 To whom does Malta now belong?

IN BONDAGE

1 Look up Sir Henry Newbolt's poem about the young hero Lucas who also voluntarily wore another man's chains

2 You are almost sure to have either read or seen R. L. Stevenson's *Treasure Island* what sort of characters were (a) Jim (b) Pev (c) Long John Silver (d) the doctor?

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3 Look out convict-ships in Dickens's *Great Expectations*, and also in the English translation of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*.

4 You should read Dickens's story about a man who, like Vincent de Paul, took the place of another in prison—
A Tale of Two Cities

A STAUNCH DEFENDER

1 What other Douglas beside Catherine became especially famous, and what did he do? You can find out in the history of Scotland if you don't know.

2 Why was James kept a prisoner by Henry IV? Look this up.

3. Which of Sir Walter Scott's famous novels was written about Perth?

4 The wild Highland woman stopping the King on his ride to give him warning reminds one of the other Scot in one of Shakespeare's plays who was stopped on a heath by three witches and told by them of danger, do you know which play that was?

now owned by the nation, of Household Heath, if you ever go to the Tate Gallery, look for this

5 Do you think Kett was right or wrong in what he did? Why?

'WATER! WATER!'

- 1 What is (a) a mirage, (b) an oasis?
- 2 Learn Sir Philip Sidney's little verse by heart
- 3 Who commanded the British forces in the Peninsular War, and against whom were we fighting? Look this up
- 4 Draw a picture of three shields, one emblazoned with a wooden bottle pierced by an arrow, one with a flask of water, and one with a loaf of bread

FOR THE HONOUR OF ENGLAND

- 1 Look out the Azores in your atlas, and the battle in your history book
- 2 Look up Tennyson's *Revenge*, and see also Austin Dobson's poem *Where are the Galleons of Spain?* and Sir Henry Newbolt's *Drake's Drum*
- 3 Either describe in your own words what a Spanish galleon looked like or try to draw a picture of one
- 4 Find out all you can about Sir Walter Raleigh
- 5 You should read Charles Kingsley's splendid and exciting story, *Westward Ho!* which is all about the times of Sir Richard Grenville

'STAND AND DELIVER!'

- 1 Find out in your history-book what Argyll's insurrection was about

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS 249

- 2 Mention the names of any famous highwaymen you know
- 3 Look up the highwayman Tom Faggis and his 'strawberry mare' in *Lorna Doone*
- 4 Sir Walter Scott wrote a splendid story about the Tolbooth called *The Heart of Midlothian*—which you should read

'BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE'

- 1 Why was James II deposed? Look this up in your history-book
- 2 What are the islands off the west coast of Scotland called?
- 3 Do you know another name for the Stuart plaid?
- 4 Give yourself the treat of reading R. L. Stevenson's enthralling story, *Kidnapped*, you will find mention in it of Cluny's Cage

'HORSES IN COMBAT'

- 1 Can you think of any other disabled people who have managed none the less to do things worth while?
- 2 Where is Overstrand?
- 3 If you have wireless in your home, try to listen-in to some of Delius's music when it is broadcast
- 4 Read the *List of Helen Keller*

BEHIND BOBBY AND BUC

- 1 Elizabeth Fry was a Quakeress—do you know anything about Quakers?
- 2 Look up the meeting between Mr. Pickwick and Simple

in the Fleet Prison in Dickens's *Pickwick Papers* and the description of Little Dorrit's home life in the Marshalsea Prison in Dickens's *Little Dorrit*

3 Look up Sir Robert Peel in your history book and find out what he was famous for

4 Read in Charles Lamb's *Essays of Elia* A Quakers Meeting

THE VOLUNTEERS

1 Try to draw a picture of St George killing the dragon

2 Look up the story of David and Goliath in the Old Testament

3 Yellow fever is caused by the bite of a certain kind of mosquito. Are they the same as the mosquitoes we find in England?

4 Describe in your own words the scene when Moran and Kissinger came to the doctors tent

FIRE!

1 There are four principal Channel Islands of which Jersey is one besides smaller ones what are the other three called?

2 Read up the Gunpowder Plot in your history book

3 What battle was it in which Nelson beat the French and Spanish fleets in 1805?

4 You might like to read Harrison Ainsworth's exciting story about Guy Fawkes

BABES IN THE WOOD

1. Name and describe some of the trees and other plants found in the Australian bush
2. Explain why bushmen call 'Coo-ee' instead of shouting to each other by name
3. What kind of things do you imagine the natives saw, which enabled them to trace the children and guess what they had been doing?

UNDER ORDERS

1. Where exactly was the Battle of the Nile fought, and what was the date of it? Look this up
2. What sort of boat is a 'cutter'?
3. Explain, as if you were talking to somebody (say your great-grandmother!) who knew nothing whatever about ships, the following nautical phrases
 (a) 'The chain-pumps on the lower after-deck', (b) 'the tackles of the paddle-box boats', (c) 'the bow broke at the foremast, and the bowsprit shot up towards the fore-topmast'
4. Read the poem, *The boy stood on the burning deck*

THE LADY OF THE LAMP

1. Find out in your history-book what the Crimean War was fought about
2. One of Florence Nightingale's helpers was the poet Arthur Clough, from whom the 'Arthur' in Tom Brown's *Schooldays* is drawn, read up that lovely little poem of his which ends 'But eastward, look! the land is bright'

HEROES AND HEROINES

- 1 Find out Scutari on the map
- 2 Read Kipling's poem on Red Cross nurses *Durge of Dead Sisters*

FOR THOSE IN PERIL ON THE SEA

- 1 If you have seen a lighthouse describe one if not draw what you think it looks like In either case draw a picture
- 2 Look out the Farne Islands and Bamburgh on the map
- 3 Look out lifeboat in the Encyclopaedia What is a lightship?
- 4 Read the famous poem *The Lighthouse Bell*

POWDER AND SHOT

- 1 Look out on the map of India Delhi Meerut the Punjab and the River Jumna
- 2 Name some other towns besides Delhi and Meerut which were especially connected with the Indian Mutiny
- 3 Describe in your own words what happened on 10th May 1857
- 4 What special kinds of soldiers are (a) infantrymen (b) sailors?
- 5 If you would like to read a boys' adventure story about the Mutiny *Red Coat in India* by Henty is a good one

THE HUNDREDTH CHANCE

- 1 Read about the Indian Mutiny in your history
- 2 Listen to Harry Newbolt's Mutiny poem which

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tells how 'Riding alone, riding alone, Gillespie came to false Lahore.'

3. What is (a) a 'budmash,' (b) a 'cummerbund,' (c) a 'chouk,' (d) a 'chowkeedar,' (e) a 'jheel,' (f) a 'tope'?

4 Try to draw, and colour with paints or chalks, a picture of Kavanagh disguised as a budmash.

FOR FREEDOM

1 Imagine yourself to be (a) a soldier fighting for the North, and (b) a soldier fighting for the South, and in both cases explain why you joined up.

2 What great American statesman is especially associated with the Civil War?

3 Find out in your history-book who commanded, respectively, the forces of the North and South, and by what other names the opposing armies were called.

4 You should also find out all you can about John Brown's ancestors the Pilgrim Fathers.

5 Read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, if you have not already done so.

'THE HEATHEN IN HIS BLINDNESS'

1 See how many more silly superstitions you can think of.

2 Describe a volcano.

3 Find out all you can about the famous missionary Livingstone.

4 Read 'The Feast of Famine' in R. L. Stevenson's *Ballads*, it's all about the islanders of the Pacific when they were heathens and cannibals.

'FORSAKING ALL'

- 1 Look up Edgar Allan Poe's poem, *The Bells*
- 2 What famous British author (a writer for boys as well as 'grown-ups') lived on an island in the Pacific?
- 3 Who was the explorer referred to in Kingsley's *Water Babies*?
- 4 Look out Honokulu and the island of Molokai in an atlas.

THE EVER-OPEN DOOR

- 1 Look up some of the wretched children in Dickens's books—David Copperfield is a boy Jo in *Bleak House*, and Oliver Twist
- 2 Lord Shaftesbury also did great work in putting down the employment of children in factories where they used to be terribly over-worked. You might read Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem about it, *The Cry of the Children*.
- 3 What is the difference between Emigration and Migration?
- 4 If you are interested in the Barnardo Homes, *The Keys of Paradise*, by H. Darkin Williams, who until lately edited *Little Folks*, will tell you all about them.

'THE CHIEF'

- 1 Prebendar Carlile started the Church Army, who started the Salvation Army?
- 2 Do you know of any difference between these two armies?
- 3 Do you know anything about another famous man whose name is pronounced the same though differently spelt?

- 4 What sort of musical instrument is a cornet?
 5. If you are interested in this story, you should try to get hold of the *Life of Prebendary Carlyle*

'A VERY GALLANT GENTLEMAN'

1. Mention any other Arctic or Antarctic explorers you have heard of
 2 Dr Wilson was a zoologist, what does that mean?
 3 Imagine yourself to be a young Eskimo, and then write a composition on 'Why I would—or wouldn't—rather be an English boy or girl'
 4 Describe what you suppose the North and South Poles look like
 5 You should read Kipling's story 'The White Seal,' if you have not already done so.

A MASTER OF FATE

- 1 Do you know what Braille reading is?
 2 Imagine yourself a slum-child who has never seen the country, taken to it for the first time for a Fresh Air Fund outing, and then say what you fancy your impressions would be
 3 Who was blind Bartimaeus? Look him up in the New Testament
 4 Read Henley's poem
 5 There is a quaint old legend about how when the devil came to tempt St Dunstan, the saint seized him by the nose with red-hot pincers, try to draw a picture of this, and also read 'A Lay of St Dunstan' in the Ingoldsby Legends

HEROES AND HEROINES

FOR VALOUR

- 1 How many more two letter distinctions such as V C or M D can you mention of which you know the meanings?
- 2 Describe just what a Victoria Cross looks like
- 3 Look up the story of the Good Samaritan in the New Testament
- 4 What do you know about Lord Roberts?
- 5 Read Kipling's story *The Drums of the Fore and Aft*

SCOUTS AND GUIDES

- 1 What did Jack Cornwell do to earn his medal?
- 2 Look up Mafeking on the map and find out who commanded the Boer forces besieging Baden Powell and his garrison
- 3 What tests must Bridges have passed to be a Second class Scout? If you don't know look this up in a Boy Scout Manual
- 4 Courage Capability and Character putting words beginning with the same consonant together like that is called alliteration see if you can find (in for instance *The Golden Treasury*) any lines of poetry in which the poet has used that method of getting his effects

come for, and a little later set forth once more on her journey, dressed now as a young man, and with a pair of pistols she had brought with her stuck in her belt.

She had before she started taken care to find out where the postmen halted on their journey from London, and the first point at which she aimed was a wayside inn on the outskirts of the small town of Belford, where the man who received the post-bag at Durham was wont to arrive at about six o'clock in the morning and take a few hours' rest and she reached it shortly after his arrival.

Finding that the humble little inn boasted no ostler, she stabled her horse with her own hands and, assuming as best she might a mannish air, strode into the inn-parlour and demanded food—looking keenly about her the while and perceiving through its half open door that in one of the cupboard like wooden bedsteads then common in the houses of the poor a man in postman's dress was lying, plumbly, from his peaceful snores, sound asleep.

Here, all ready to hand, was a golden chance! If only she could manage unperceived, while the postman slept, to open his bag and extract the warrant, there would be after all no need of the highwayman exploit!

Having contrived to get rid of the landlady by asking her to fetch some water from the well, Grizel, her heart beating high, tiptoed across the floor and, hardly daring to breathe, opened the door of the bedstead still wider and peeped in upon the huge, powerful man who was there asleep.

Alas, alas! There lay the mail bag, within reach of

her hand—but it was serving as the postman's pillow! Her first plan was foiled.

Accepting disappointment, but not defeat, Grizel fell back on her old scheme, and perceived that there was still something she could do. She darted to the table, where the postman's holsters were lying, and, in acute fear of the man's awakening and catching her in the act, pulled out his pistols, unloaded them, and had just time to return them to their case empty before the return of the landlady.

As soon afterwards as possible she left the inn, and made as though to continue her journey in a southerly direction until she was clear of the town, when, doubling like a fox, she galloped back and, striking into the road between Belford and Berwick, let her horse subside into a walk while she awaited the coming of the postman.

The suspense of waiting must have been a grim ordeal for the daring 'highwayman,' who after all was but a slip of a girl, for all the valiant man's part she had undertaken to play! But she had not long to wait—soon horse's hoofs were heard on the road, and the postman, with the two mail-bags, one containing letters direct from London and the other those taken up at different post-offices on the road, came riding up.

Summoning all her resolution, Grizel rode up beside him and fell into talk easily enough, for the postman, a good-natured, talkative fellow, was glad of the company of a friendly, well-looking lad on his lonely road. But Grizel was only watching for her opportunity, and when about half-way between Belford and Berwick she decided that the supreme moment had come, and

assuming the role of highwayman sternly called upon her companion to deliver up his mail bags proclaiming herself both well armed and well mounted and claiming to have confederates concealed in a neighbouring wood

The astounded postman was at first inclined to treat the affair as a boyish joke and turn it off good naturedly and even when he had grasped the fact that absurd as it seemed the audacious stripling beside him was actually attempting to hold him up in good earnest was so mercifully reluctant to treat his puny antagonist seriously that at last Grivel was obliged to force his hand as the saying is by holding her pistol to his head

It was a desperate throw for she knew that she was staking her all on the chance of the postman's pistols being still as she had left them unloaded. Driven to action in self-defence the man fired at her—the only consequence being a flash in the pan. He tried again with the other pistol with the same result. Then in a fury he sprang from his saddle and rushed forward to

Grivel who just managing to elude him snatched his opportunity and the bridle of the postman's horse in one fling to both mounts went galloping off at top speed down the highway shouting back to the deserted road to remember her warning and beware of the highwayman.

The postman completely discomfited and not knowing what truth might underlie this threat took his best horse to make the best of his way. He found a safe place where Grivel reached him and warned him off tied him to a distance from the road and

ripping open the mail-bags with her penknife, was not long in finding what she was in search of—dispatches addressed to the Council in Edinburgh, with Government seals, among which she discovered the warrant for her father's death, and also many other warrants, of varying severity, for other men who had been taken in the rising.

Waiting only to tear them into pieces and hide them in her dress, and to rearrange the private papers in the mail-bags, Grizel remounted her horse, feeling sure that the postman's mount, and also the bags, would be traced from the hints she had given about the wood—as indeed they soon were. She then made all haste to return to the cottage of her old nurse, where having burnt the torn warrants, she put on once more the dress of a serving-maid, and leaving behind her the man's clothes and weapons, of which she had no more need, rode as hard as she could—choosing the quietest way and resting only at out-of-the-way cottages and as little as possible—back to Edinburgh, which she reached in safety early next morning.

What a moment that next meeting in the Tolbooth between father and daughter must have been!—what a reward for Grizel, when in the privacy of the prison cell she was able to pour out to her beloved father the story of all she had dared to save him, and to tell him that thanks to her efforts they might hope once more!—and how the brave heart of Sir John Cochrane must have glowed, not only with reviving hope for his own rescue, but with fatherly pride and delight in his gallant, devoted daughter!